

Behold an Orator, Divinely sage,
The **Prophet** *and* **Apostle** *of that age.*
View but his **Porch** *and* **Temple** *you shall see*
The Body of Divine **Philosophy.**
Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
Therein you may discern Wisdom and Grace.
Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
How Orient was the Pearl Impryson'd here!



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k/o

THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

By Mr. *George Herbert*, Late ORATOR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

Together with His LIFE.

PSAL. xxix.

In his Temple doth every Man speak of his Honour.

The Twelfth Edition Corrected, with the Addition of an Alphabetical Table.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A

MEMORIAL

To the Honourable

GEORGE HERBERT

Author of the

Sacred POEMS,

Who died about *Anno* 1635.

READ o'er these Raptures with a curious Eye,
You must conclude this *Eagle* soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the place, where he
Had his first breathing, and Nativity.
Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare Poems, Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all, both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine:
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute:
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would sit half tame, to hear *Arion* sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul
Between the Artique and Antartique Pole,

Than *Wales* hath done? where HERBERT's
Church ſhall be
A laſting Pyramid for him and thee.
What Father of a Church can you rehearſe,
That gain'd more Souls to God, 'twixt Proſe and
Verſe?
What Orator had more Magnetick Strains,
What Poet ſuch a Fancy, Pen or Brains,
In our great Hierarchy? Shew me the Man,
That Sang more ſadly than this dying *Swan*,
This Bird of Paradiſe, this *Gloeworm* bright,
This Philomel, this Glory of the Night.
Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds ſtill dark,
Reſtleſs below, return'd up to the Ark,
This Sacred Dove, before he ſcal'd the Skies,
Rarely ſet forth, the World's great Sacrifice;
A melting POEM, all the reſt ſo high,
That the dull World may learn to live and die.
Never did Pen humane, or earing Brain,
Expreſs or vent ſuch a ſeraphick Strain.
You that are Poets born, contend and ſtrive,
In ſpite of Death, dead HERBERT to revive.
Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,
To *Salem*'s ſacred Hill, for Obſequy.
Parnaſſus *Mount was never ſo divine,*
To turn the Muſes Water into Wine.
The Delphian Poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as Maior Dome;
And though the Biſhop, and his Clerks do boaſt,
That old falſe Prophet there doth rule the Roaſt.
A laſting Spring of Blood ſprings near that Hill,
There he did bath; there you your Vials fill.
'Twill melt your Hearts, to view thoſe Deſolations:
Yet from that Spring flows higheſt Inſpirations.
Therein your Annals ſuch Encomiums bring
To his Memorial, as the Doves in Spring.

Such

Such moan as *Egypt*'s Vice-Roy once did make
At *Abel-Mizraim* for his Father's ſake.
Make your ſhrill Trumpets; from that thorny Hill,
Benhinnon's Vallies with Amazement fill.
To the Sepulchre go, their Sacrifice
The Diſtillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
When you depart, fall down and kiſs that Land,
Where once his Maſter's ſacred Feet did ſtand.
No Art or Engine can you ſafely truſt
To poliſh him, but his own ſacred Duſt.
Nor can you Paint or Pencil him too high,
That liv'd and dy'd without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired Tomb,
But no *Eliſha* in *Eliah*'s room.

An Epitaph upon the Honourable

GEORGE HERBERT.

YOu weeping Marbles, *Monuments* we truſt,
As well with the Injurious, as the juſt.
When your great truſt at laſt ſhall be reſign'd,
And when his noble duſt ſhall be refin'd:
You ſhall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincenſe return,
Than ſhall be found in great *Auguſtus* Urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
Th' Eclipſe of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phœnix of *Wales*, of his great name the glory,
A theme above all verſe, beyond all ſtory.
A plant of Paradiſe; which, in a word,
Worms ne'r ſhall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go you unborn, *bedew* Dear *Herbert*'s Tomb;
No more ſuch Babes are in Dame Natures Womb.
No more ſuch Blazing Comets ſhall appear,
Nor leave ſo happy influences here.
Go thaw your hearts at his celeſtial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies,
Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our ſight,
Gloe-worms to glitter in th' moſt gloomy Night.
About thoſe glorious Regi ns he is fled,
Where once Saint *Paul* was rapt and raviſhed.

Here a Divine, Prophet and Poet lies,
That lay'd up Manna *for Poſterities.*

P. D. *Eſq;*

The Church Militant.

THe Church's Progreſs is a Maſter-piece,
Limn'd to the life, of *Egypt*, *Rome*, and *Greece*;
Wherein he gives the Conclave ſuch a blow,
They ne'r received from either friend or foe.
England and *France* do bear an equal ſhare
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious luſt,
Impudent ſinning, cruelty, diſtruſt;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and ſcorn,
Here's damned Oaths, that cauſe the land to mourn;
And here's oppreſſion, marks of Future Bane,
And here's Hypocriſy the Counter-Pane.

Here's

Here's love of *Guineas*, curſed Root of all,
And here's Religion turn'd up to the wall:
And could we ſee with *Herbert*'s Eagle eyes,
Without Checkmate Religion weſtward flies.
A moſt ſad Sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Phariſaick hate.
For Diſcipline with Doctrine ſo to jarr,
Was juſt like bringing Juſtice to the Bar.
Was it the will, or judgment or commands,
Of the great *Pilot* for to paſs the Sands;
Well may we hope, that our quick-ſighted State
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedral Prieſts long ſince have laid about
Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
Her Grace and Majeſty makes them ſo fraid,
They cry content, and ſo eſpouſe her Maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaſt, divine they ſay,
She loves their Sons, that ſing our ſins away.
Could we but count the Thouſands every year,
Theſe dreams conſume, the Muſick is too dear.
When Eli's *Sons made Luxury their God,*
Their Widows nam'd their Poſthumes Icabod.
They both were ſlain, God's ſacred Ark was loſt,
Though they had with it a moſt mighty Hoſt.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor Peebles we return,
Now *Sein* is ſwallowing *Tiber*; if the *Thames*,
By letting in them both pollute her ſtreams;
Or if the *Seers* ſhall connive or wink,
Beware the *Thunderbolt*; *Migremus hinc*.
O let me die, and not ſurvive to ſee
Before my death Religion's Obſequy.
Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength;
Our *Boaz*, our *Jachin*, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by *Owls*, as a Romantick ſtory.

Our

Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way.
Our Chariots, Ships and Horſemen, to withſtand
The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
Our eyes may ſee, as hath been ſeen before,
Religion's Foes ly floating on the Shore:
The head of *England*'s Church proud *Babels*, but
Will Faith defend, and peace will *Janus* ſhut.

Adverſus Impia.
Anno 1670.

---

28 SE60

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

Lord, my first Fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither; For from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain;
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

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28 SE60

THE

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

¶ *Perirrhanterium.*

THou, whoſe ſweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treaſure;
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleaſure.
A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of Luſt, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptiſm waſh'd with his own blood.
It blots the leſſon written in thy Soul;
The holy lines cannot be underſtood.
How dare thoſe eyes upon a Bible look,
Much leſs towards God, whoſe luſt is all their book?

Wholly abſtain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and ſo
If rottenneſs have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' encloſer: but ſince now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plow.
O what were Man, might he himſelf miſplace!
Sure to be croſs, he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink

Drink not the third glaſs, which thou can'ſt not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before,
May'ſt rule it, as thou liſt: and pour the ſhame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill,
Big with his Siſter: He hath loſt the reins,
Is out-law'd by himſelf: All kind of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his Can and Body: Muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third Glaſs: If thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room;
All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeveral way:
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in courteſy; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth God's ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glory,
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſs.
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy,
With his poor clod of earth the ſpatious ſky.

Take

Take not his Name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluce
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the Virtue of that Name, (tame,
Which is the beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſh'd are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy Souls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working Soul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee: For his light was only lent. (feathers
God gave thy Soul brave wings; put not thoſe
Into a bed to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: If ſoldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O *England*, full of ſin, but moſt of ſloth!
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breaſt with glory;
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſs into thy ſtory:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſs, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſs ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their ſon,
Some mark a partridge, never their child's faſhion;
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign;
And if God's Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſt'ring mind; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or elſe they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: This is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thouſand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy ſon rich, is to fill
His mind with reſt before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel thoſe tempeſts which fly over ditches.
But if thy ſon can make ten pound his meaſure,
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſure.

When

When thou doſt purpoſe ought (within thy power)
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall:
Conſtancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,
When wanton pleaſures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Do all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the King ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simp'ring is but a lay-hypocriſy:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to task:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: Diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconſes, if thy ſtomach call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And ſay with all, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo but men?
Houſes are built by rule, and Common-wealths.
Entice the truſty ſun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the ſky.
Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a ſhop of rules, a well-truſs'd pack,
Whoſe every parcel under-writes a law.
Loſe not thy ſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy ſelf: See what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live:
Then live, and uſe it; Elſe it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: But age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy Children, Kindred, Friends upon thee call;
Before thy journy fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Left gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things elſe. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtars for mony; ſtars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtful as the ſcraping dame;
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By

By no means run in debt: Take thine own meaſure.
Who cannot live on Twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: He's a man of pleaſure,
A kind of thing that's for it ſelf too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And ſpares himſelf, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty veſſels under ſail.
Old courtiers know this: Therefore ſet out ſo,
As all the day thou may'ſt hold out to go.

In clothes cheap handſomneſs doth bear the bell.
Wiſdom's a trimmer thing than ſhop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But this with my diſcretion will be brave.
Much curiouſneſs is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long adoing.

Play not for gain, but ſport. Who plays for more
Than he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart:
Perhaps his Wife's too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
Servants and Churches alſo play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth paſs, (glaſs.
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church-

If yet thou love game at ſo dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gameſters dearly coſt:
Doſt loſe? riſe up: Doſt win? riſe in that ſtate.
Who ſtrive to ſit out loſing hands are loſt.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houſes with their whole encreaſe.

In

In Converſation boldneſs now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſs: Therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: Get ſubſtantial worth,
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſow'r?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp Wife, a ſervant that will low'r.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make;
But the great Soldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdom picks friends; civility plays the reſt.
A toy ſhun'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Leſs at thy own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport abuſes: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer,
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the Cities.
The Gigler is a Milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In ſervice care, or coldneſs,
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: Yet ſuch jealouſy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the perſon's ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapeſtry.

Thy friend put in thy boſom: Wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all his fear;
But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip's gon,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a Father.
Love is a perſonal debt. I cannot give
My Childrens right, nor ought he take it: Rather
Both friends ſhould die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, e'er they are a friend's.

If thou be ſingle, all thy good and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come and make my weakneſs ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſeful, new, or witty,
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſy grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card
That ſuits him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a pleaſure:
But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather than ſhew his cards: Steal from his treaſures

What

What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak at once; but husband it:
And give men turns of ſpeech: Do not foreſtal
By laviſhneſs thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: For fierceneſs makes
Error a fault, and truth diſcourteſy.
Why ſhould I feel another man's miſtakes
More than his ſickneſſes or poverty?
In love I ſhould; But anger is not love,
Nor wiſdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great advantage: He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire. (there
Truth dwells not in the clouds: The bow that's
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſays: For many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care.
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be uſeful where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſs, good parts, great places, are the way
To compaſs this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All wordly joys go leſs
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy project high;
So ſhalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in ſpirit: who aimeth at the ſky,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleneſs
Cures both a Fever, and Lethargickneſs.

Let thy mind ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the buſineſs may be done.
Slackneſs breeds worms; but the ſure traveller,
Though he alights ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring ſpirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies ſuch an one.*

Slight not the ſmalleſt loſs, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the ſun in every corner: ſee
Whether thy ſtock of credit ſwell, or fall.
Who ſay, *I care not*, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them, 'twill not quit the coſt.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a preſent for a mighty King,
Much leſs make any one thine enemy,
As guns deſtroy, ſo may a little ſling
The cunning workman never doth refuſe
The meaneſt tool, that he may chance to uſe.

All foreign wiſdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiſs:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all ſcores; none are ſo clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but ſcorn their ill:
Embrace their activeneſs, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

If

If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſs,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt hour.
Let thy minds ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy ſingle market-mony for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Chriſt's ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundays obſerve: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels Muſick; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his dew is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy chear is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſs.
Faſt when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not loſs.

If

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suiters; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: For thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear. (state.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: Quit thy
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for th'other pin: Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
(thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in Church-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purg'd his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The

The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: If all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

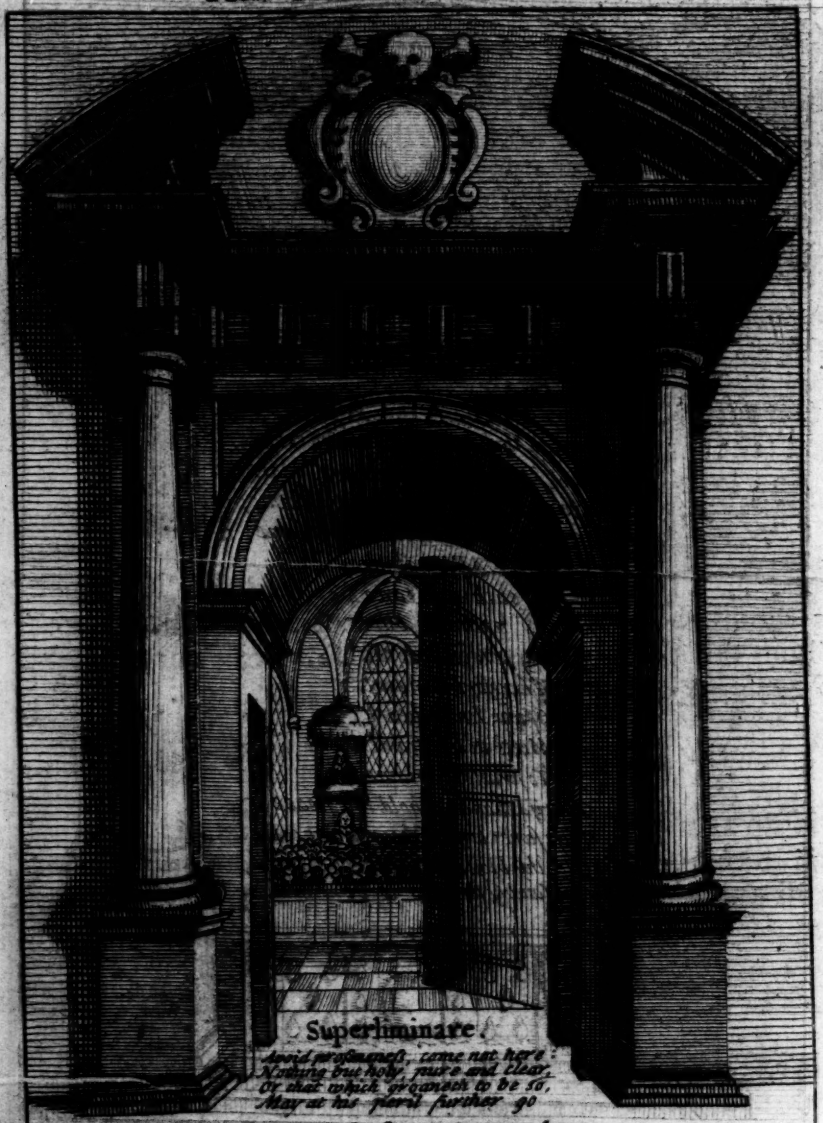
He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at Church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, ſhall one day with them (ſhine.
Jeſt not at preachers language or expreſſion:
How know'ſt thou but thy ſins made him miſcarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in Hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe who mock at God's way of Salvation.
Whom Oil and Balſams kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſs a full Damnation.
The *Jews* refuſed thunder; and we folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is Holy?

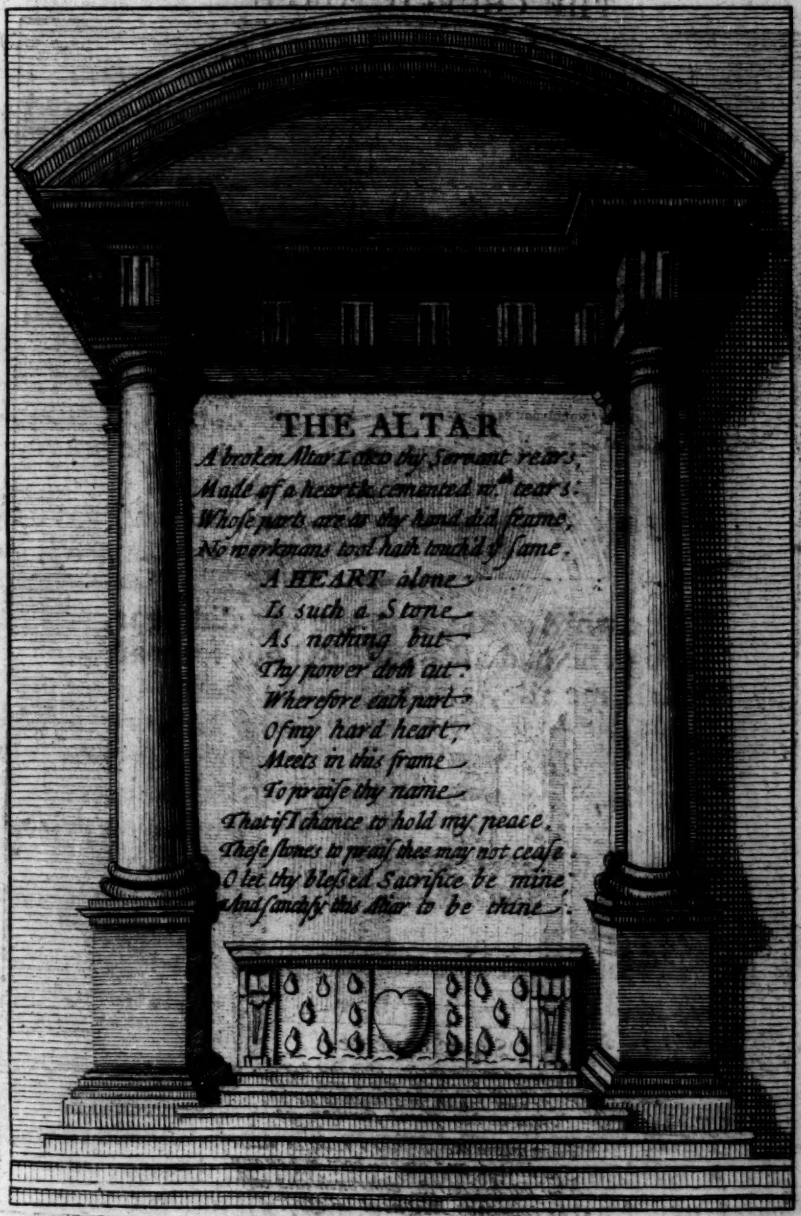
Sum up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſs and undreſs thy Soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it: If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: Since we ſhall be
More ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt virtue: Lifes poor ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH PORCH



Thou whom the former Precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church, approach and tast
The Churches Mystical Repast.



THE ALTAR

A broken Altar Lord thy Servant rears,
Made of a heart and cemented w.th tears:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame,
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
Is such a Stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart,
Meets in this frame
To praise thy name.
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be thine.

¶ *The Sacrifice.*

O *H all ye, who paſs by,* whoſe eyes and mind
To worldly things are ſharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Againſt their Maker: They do wiſh me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an *Egyptian* ſlave.
They uſe that power againſt me, which I gave:
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apoſtle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To ſell me alſo, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty Pence he did my death deviſe,
Who at three Hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half ſo ſweet as my ſweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my ſoul melts, and my hearts dear treaſure
Drops Blood (the only beads) my words to meaſure.
O let this Cup paſs, if it be thy pleaſure.
Was ever grief, &c.

Theſe drops being temper'd with a ſinners tears,
A Balſam are for both the Hemiſpheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Diſciples ſleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowſie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine ſtain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ariſe, ariſe, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haſte they make to be undone!
How with their lanthorns do they ſeek the Sun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and ſtaves they ſeek me as a Thief,
Who am the way of Truth, the true Relief,
Moſt true to thoſe, who are my greateſt grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, doſt thou betray me with a kiſs?
Canſt thou find hell about my lips? and miſs
Of life, juſt at the gates of life and bliſs?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of Faith, but Fury; yet at their commands
I ſuffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Diſciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my Friends and me. They leave that Star,
That brought the Wiſe-men of the Eaſt from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not ſound
What I taught. Comments would the text con-
found.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief, &c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with the same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*; He
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of Host and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command.
Was ever grief, &c.

The

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpitefulneſs;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their only happineſs.
Was ever grief like mine?

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief, &c.

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſome fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief, &c.

Hark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie*;
It is not fit he live a day, they cry:
Who cannot live leſs than eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my blood on them and theirs*.
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds delight:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They

They chuſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a courteſie:
For it was their own cauſe that killed me;
Was ever grief like mine?

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I, the Prince of Peace; peace that doth paſs
All underſtanding, more than Heav'n doth glaſs:
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cæſar* is their only King, not I:
He clave the ſtony Rock, when they were dry;
But ſurely not their Hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah, how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſs
Doubles each laſh: And yet their bitterneſs
Winds up my grief to a myſteriouſneſs:
Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the Earth and Heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet, whom I would puniſh, miſs'd:
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornful wiſe;
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſs to mine enemies:
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be Divine,
As *Moſes* face was veiled, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double dark ſouls either ſhine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear Friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Soldiers led me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve Heav'nly Legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet Robe they me array;
Which shews my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and wat'red there.
Was ever grief, &c.

So sits the Earths great curse in *Adam's* fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From th'Earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my Head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore.
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King*;
Whatever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſs can bring,
I am the floor, the ſink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſince man's ſcepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſoldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucify him* cry with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out agen:
Whom Devils fly, thus he is toſs'd of men.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now, weary of ſport, glad to engroſs
All ſpite in one, counting my life their loſs,
They carry me to my moſt bitter croſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

My

My cross I bear my self, until I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constriant,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see;
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree;
The Tree of life to all but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o'th' two: For that came in
By words; but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man did feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel.
Till all were melted, tho' he were all Steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God——
Was ever grief, &c.

Shame tears my Soul, my Body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my Crown
And Father's smile for you, to feel his frown.
Was ever grief, &c.

In

In healing not my ſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafety in my ſickneſs doth ſubſiſt.
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robbery ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtol'n from you? Death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my Subjects I'm condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: Yet when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my Garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My Coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go:
For they will pierce my Side, I full well know;
That as ſin came, ſo Sacraments might flow.
VVas ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, man's weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

¶ *The Thankſgiving.*

OH King of grief! (a title ſtrange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how ſhall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventeſt me?
Shall I weep blood? why thou haſt wept ſuch ſtore,
That all thy body was one gore.
Shall I be ſcourged, flouted, boxed, ſold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why doſt thou part from me?
Was ſuch a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then ſing, skipping thy doleful ſtory,
And ſide with thy triumphant Glory?
Shall thy ſtrokes be my ſtroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod, my poſy? croſs, my bower?
But how then ſhall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who ſhall victorious prove.
If thou doſt give me wealth, I will reſtore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou doſt give me honour, men ſhall ſee
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or if ſhe be mine,
She and her Children ſhall be thine.
My boſom-friend, if he blaſpheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the reſt I give
Unto ſome Chappel, die or live.
As for my Paſſion---But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy Predeſtination, I'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I ſurvive,

I'll

I'll build a Spittle, or mend common Ways,
But mend my own without delaies.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My Muſick ſhall find thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing,
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one Harmony.
If thou ſhalt give me Wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy Book, and never move
'Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for my Paſſion——I will do for that——
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ *The Repriſal.*

I Have conſider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty Paſſion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My ſins deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free;
And yet thy Wounds ſtill my attempts defy,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal Glory didſt outgo me?
Could'ſt thou not grief's ſad conqueſt me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.

¶ *The Agony.*

PHiloſophers have meaſur'd Mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of Seas, of States and Kings,
Walk'd with a ſtaff to Heav'n, and traced Fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that Preſs and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not love, let him aſſay,
And taſte that juice, which on the Croſs a pike
Did ſet abroach; then let him ſay,
If ever he did taſte the like.
Love is that liquor ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as Blood; but I as Wine.

The

¶ *The Sinner.*

LOrd, how am I all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.

I find three quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſs, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face, ſince croſs to thy decrees:
There the circumference Earth is, Heav'n the cen-
(tre.
In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundreth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thy Image, hear my call: (grone,
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

¶ *Good-Friday.*

OMy chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy blood?
How ſhall I count what thee befel,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar ſhew'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true Vine?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy diſtreſs through all may run,
And be my Sun.

Or rather let
My ſev'ral Sins their ſorrows get;
That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſin may ſo.

SInce blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloody flight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth ly both ink and ſin:

That when ſin ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds thy woes,
All come to lodge there, ſin may ſay,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt ſin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ *Redemption.*

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him to afford
A new ſmall-rented Leaſe and cancel th' old.

In Heaven, at his Manor I him ſought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About ſome land, which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on Earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great Birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In Cities, Theatres, Gardens, Parks, and Courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of Thieves, and Murderers: There I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, and died.

¶ *Sepulchre.*

O Bleſſed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on Earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large ſhews them unfit.
What ever ſin did this pure Rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain
And miſſing this moſt falſly did arraign thee; (thee,
Only theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Tho' it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
With-hold thee.

Eaſter.

Eaſter.

RIſe heart; thy Lord is riſen. Sing his Praiſe
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewiſe
With him may'ſt riſe:
That, as his death calcined thee to duſt,
His life may make thee gold, and much more juſt.

Awake, my Lute, and ſtruggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Croſs taught all wood to reſound his name,
Who bore the ſame.
His ſtretched ſinews taught all ſtrings, what Key
Is beſt to celebrate this moſt high Day.

Conſort both heart and lute, and twiſt a ſong
Pleaſant and long.
Or, ſince all Muſick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy bleſſed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his ſweet art.

I Got me Flowers to ſtrew thy way;
I got me Boughs off many a Tree:
But thou waſt up by break of day,
And brought'ſt thy ſweets along with thee.

The Sun ariſing in the Eaſt,
Though he give light, and th' Eaſt perfume;
If they ſhould offer to conteſt
With thy ariſing, they preſume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to ſhine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miſs:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter-Wings.

Lord, who created'ſt Man in Wealth and Store,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor;

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this Day thy Victories:
Then ſhall the Fall further the Flight in me.

¶ Easter-

¶ *Easter-Wings.*

My tender Age in ſorrow did begin:
And ſtill with Sickneſſes and Shame,
Thou didſt ſo puniſh Sin,
That I became
Moſt thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this Day thy Victory:
For if I imp my Wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the Flight in me.

¶ *Holy Baptiſm.*

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,
Which is above the Heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either you do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,
Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In your Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equal to the crime:
You taught the Book of Life my name, that ſo,
Whatever future ſins ſhould me miſcal,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ *Holy Baptiſm.*

SInce, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my Infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.
O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others mild,
Behither ill.
Although by ſtealth
My fleſh got on; yet let her ſiſter
My Soul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

Nature.

Nature.

FUll of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venom lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My Soul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kind
Vaniſh into a wind,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear,
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſs grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, than thee to hold.

¶ *Sin.*

LOrd, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us; then School-maſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, ſorrow dogging ſin,
Afflictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurprizes,

Bleſſings beforehand, ties of gratefulneſs,
The ſound of Glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our ſhame; within, our conſciences:
Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all theſe fences and their whole array
One cunning boſom-ſin blows quite away.

¶ *Affliction.*

WHen firſt thou didſt intice to thee my heart,
I thought the ſervice brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Beſides what I might have
Out of my ſtock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture ſo fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houſhold-ſtuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such ſtars I counted mine: Both Heav'n and Earth,
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleaſures could I want, whoſe King I ſerved,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reſerved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my ſudden ſoul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceneſs ſeek thy face,

At firſt thou gav'ſt me milk and ſweetneſſes;
I had my wiſh and way:
My days were ſtrew'd with flow'rs and happineſs;
There was no month but May.
But with my years ſorrow did twiſt and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sickness clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often did'st with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage;
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came near,
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwst me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will ſhow:
I read and ſigh, and wiſh I were a tree,
For ſure then I ſhould grow
To fruit or ſhade: At leaſt ſome bird would truſt
Her houſhold to me, and I ſhould be juſt.
Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In weakneſs muſt be ſtout.
Well, I will change the ſervice, and go ſeek
Some other maſter out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ *Repentance.*

LOrd, I confeſs my ſin is great;
Great is my ſin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;
Whoſe life ſtill preſſing
Is one undreſſing,
A ſteady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours work or three;
Each day doth round about us ſee.
Thus are we to delights: But we are all
To ſorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, *Adam*'s fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compaſſionate ſhort-breathed men;
Cut me not off for my moſt foul tranſgreſſion:
I do confeſs
My fooliſhneſs;
My God accept of my confeſſion.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his Praiſes.
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ *Faith.*

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when man's ſight was dim
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat,
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to Heav'n well near.

I owed thouſands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes ſo too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the ſacred ſtory:
And when ſin placeth me in *Adam*'s fall,
Faith ſets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who ſweetly took
Our fleſh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliſs had lien in art or ſtrength,
None but the wiſe and ſtrong had gained it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One ſize doth all conditions fit.

A Peaſant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the higheſt ſtature.
Thus doſt thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While Grace fills up un-even Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou did'ſt make the Sun
Impute a luſtre, and allow them bright:
And in this ſhew what Chriſt hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With buſhy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vaniſht away, when faith did change the ſcene:
And then appear'd a glorious ſky.

What though my body run to duſt?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and moſt particular truſt,
Reſerving all for fleſh again.

¶ *Prayer.*

¶ *Prayer.*

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
The Chriſtian plummet ſounding Heav'n and Earth;

Engine againſt th'Almighty, ſinners tow'r,
Reverſed thunder, Chriſt ſide-piercing ſpear,
The ſix-days world-tranſpoſing in an hour,
A kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softneſs, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſs,
Exalted Manna, gladneſs of the beſt,
Heaven in ordinary, Man well dreſt,
The milky way, the bird of Paradiſe,
Church-bells beyond the ſtars heard, the ſouls blood,
The land of ſpices, ſomething underſtood.

¶ *Holy Communion.*

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me waſt ſold,
To me doſt now thy ſelf convey;
For ſo thou ſhould'ſt without me ſtill have been
Leaving within me ſin:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrength,
Thou creep'ſt into my breaſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their Forces into every part,
Meeting ſins force and art.

Yet can theſe not get over to my Soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our ſouls and fleſhly hearts;
But as th' out-works, they may controul
My rebel-fleſh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both ſin and ſhame.

Only thy Grace, which with theſe elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the ſoul's moſt ſubtil rooms:
While thoſe to ſpirits refin'd at door attend
Diſpatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive ſoul, or take
My body alſo thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that ſin turn'd fleſh to ſtone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent ſigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For ſure when *Adam* did not know
To ſin, or ſin to ſmother;
He might to heav'n from paradiſe go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou haſt reſtor'd us to this eaſe
By this thy heav'nly blood,
Which I can go to when I pleaſe,
And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon.

¶ *Antiphon.*

Cho. LEt all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Heavens are not too high,
His Praiſe may thither fly:
The Earth is not too low,
His Praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Church with Pſalms muſt ſhout,
No Door can keep them out:
But above all, the Heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ *Love.*

I.

IMmortal Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortal Love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiſeth wit;
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: And tho' thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? only a ſcarf or glove (love.
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II.

IMmortal heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: Let thoſe fires
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way. (brain
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our
All her inventions on thine altar lay,
And there in Hymns ſend back thy fire again:

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who were diſſeized by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ *The Temper.*

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were ſome forty Heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumb of duſt from Heav'n to Hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debter:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the Muſick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy Power and Love, my love and truſt
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ *The Temper.*

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me, or ſin ~~for both~~ deſtroy.

forthwith

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy Diviner World of Grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,
And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of Grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though Elements change, and Heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſty in me.

¶ *Jordan.*

WHo ſays that fictions only and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbors ſhadow courſe-ſpun lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers love?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt People; let them Sing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or ſpring;
Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of Rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ *Employ-*

¶ *Employment.*

IF as a flower doth ſpread and die,
Thou would'ſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremity
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joys is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring Honey with the Bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

¶ *The*

¶ *The H. Scriptures.*

I.

OH Book! infinite ſweetneſs! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: Thou art a maſs
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh and take.
Ladies, look here: this is the thankful glaſs,

That mends the looker's eyes: This is the Well
That waſhes what it ſhews: Who can endear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Lieger (here,
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell.

Thou art joys handſel: Heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtory.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtian's deſtinie.

Such

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: For in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Stars are poor books, and often times do miſs:
This book of ſtars lights to eternal bliſs.

¶ *Whitſunday.*

LIſten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men;

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The Stars were coming down to know,
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſh'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound;
Of thoſe, who did themſelves through their ſide

Thou

Thou ſhutt'ſt the door, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering ſin
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light;
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ *Grace.*

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above.

If ſtill the Sun ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which graſs cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sin is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſs void of love:
Let ſupp'ling grace to croſs his art,
Drop from above.

O come!

O come! for thou doſt know the way:
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ *Praiſe.*

TO write a verſe or two is all the Praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any ways,
Thou ſhalt have more.
I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.
Man is all weakneſs, there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort, yet with a ſling
He may do more.
An herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.
O raiſe me then! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ *Affliction.*

KIll me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of Life; ſince thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of *Methuſalem*'s ſtay.

If

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: And as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future moan.

¶ *Mattens.*

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed man's whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not Heav'n and Earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy Love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

¶ *Sin-*

¶ *Sin.*

OH that I could a ſin once ſee!
We paint the Devil foul, yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat oppoſite to th' Almighty, ſeeing
It wants the good of *Virtue* and of *Being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſin we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
So devils are our ſins in proſpective.

¶ *Even-Song.*

BLeſt be the God of Love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did deny:
For when he ſees my ways, I die:
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharg'd the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was ſome.

Thy diet, care, and coſt,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice*;
Henceforth repoſe; *your work is done.*

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhews more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the Garden, this the Grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I reſt.

¶ *Church-Monuments.*

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of death's inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My Body to the School, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty heraldry and lines.
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſigns,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtem
And true deſcent: That when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ *Church-Muſick.*

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you; when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll (will) die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travel in your companie,
You know the way to Heavens door.

¶ *Church Lock and Key.*

I Know it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſs of my faint demands,

But

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldneſs, but thy Will.

Yet here, O God, only for his Bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins, plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His Blood's ſweet current much more loud to be

¶ *The Church-floor.*

MArk you the floor? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong
Is *Patience.*

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is check'red all along,
Humility;

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*;

But the ſweet Cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity.*

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marble's neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

The

¶ *The Windows.*

LOrd, how can Man preach thy eternal Word?
He is a brittle crazy Glaſs:
Yet in thy Temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent Place,
To be a Window, through thy Grace.

But when thou doſt anneal in Glaſs thy Story,
Making thy Life to ſhine within
The Holy Preachers; then the Light and Glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which elſe ſhews watriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and Life, Colours and Light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong Regard and Awe: But ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the Ear, not Conſcience, ring.

¶ *Trinity-Sunday.*

LOrd, who haſt form'd me out of Mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy Blood,
And ſanctify'd me to do good;

Purge all my Sins done heretofore:
For I confeſs my heavy ſcore:
And I will ſtrive to ſin no more.

Enrich my Heart, Mouth, Hands in me,
With Faith, with Hope, with Charity;
That I may run, riſe, reſt with thee.

¶ *Content.*

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie:
Content and warm t' it ſelf alone:
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a Crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſh'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies; make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: And yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Than to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongues,
And as their wit is their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy self or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ *The Quiddity.*

MY God, a Verse is not a Crown;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain.

It is no Office, Art, or News,
Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall:
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and *Most take All.*

¶ *Humility.*

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral Ranks upon an azure Throne,
Where all the Beasts and Fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lyon did preſent his Paw,
Which by conſent was giv'n to Manſuetude.
The fearful Hare her Ears, which by their Law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous *Turky* brought his Coral-Chain;
That went to Temperance.
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Fox's Brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacock's Plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave Gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: Which when the Beaſts eſpy'd,
They leapt upon the Throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their ſide,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the Plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the Tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the Train: Then ſaying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their Frown
Againſt the Beaſts: So joyntly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away;
And then amerc'd them double Gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

¶ *Frailty.*

LOrd, in my Silence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtiled, *Honour*, *Riches*, or *fair Eyes*;
But is *fair Duſt!*
I ſurname them *gilded Clay*,
Dear Earth, *fine Graſs*, or *Hay*;
In all, I think my Foot doth ever tread
Upon their Head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The World's, and Thine,
Thine clad with Simpleneſs, and ſad Events;
The other fine,
Full of Glory and gay Weeds,
Brave language, braver Deeds:
That which was Duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine Eyes.

O brook not this, leſt if what even now
My Foot did tread,
Affront thoſe Joys wherewith thou didſt endow
And long ſince wed
My poor Soul, ev'n ſick of Love;
It may a *Babel* prove,
Commodious to conquer Heav'n and thee.
Planted in me.

¶ *Conſtancy.*

WHo is the honeſt Man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his Neighbour and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither Force nor Fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe Honeſty is not
So looſe or eaſy, that a ruffling Wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the World now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhuns them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſum,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and ſtreight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: When the day is done,
His goodneſs ſets not, but in dark can run:
The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, Women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prays to be ſo ſtill.

¶ *Affliction.*

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ *The Star.*

BRight spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a Debter,
And make it better.

First with thy Fire-work burn to Dust
Folly, and worse than Folly, Lust:
Then with thy Light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from Sin and Sickness,
Touch it with thy Celestial Quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy Love.

Then with our Trinity of Light,
Motion, and Heat, let's take our Flight
Unto the Place where thou
Before didſt bow.

Get me a Standing there, and place
Among the Beams, which crown the Face
Of him who dy'd to part
Sin and my Heart.

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that Hive of Beams
And Garland-ſtreams.

¶ *Sunday.*

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The Fruit of this, the next World's Bud,
Th' indorſment of ſupreme Delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his Blood;
The Couch of Time, Cares balm and bay;
The Week were dark, but for thy Light:
Thy Torch doth ſhew the way.

The other Days and thou
Make up one Man; whoſe Face thou art,
Knocking at Heav'n with thy Brow:
The worky-days are the back-part;
The Burden of the Week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoop and bow,
'Till thy releaſe appear.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſs Death: But thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the Pillars are,
On which Heav'n's Palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with Vanities.
They are the fruitful Beds and Borders
In God's rich Garden: That is bare,
Which parts their Ranks and Orders.

The Sundays of Man's Life,
Threaded together on Time's String,
Make Bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's Gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe this Light for his:
That, as each Beaſt his Manger knows,
Man might not of his Fodder miſs.
Chriſt hath took in this Piece of Ground,
And made a Garden there for thoſe
Who want Herbs for their wound.

The reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame Shake, which at his Paſſion
Did th' Earth and all Things with it move.
As *Samſon* bore the Doors away,
Chriſt's Hands, tho' nail'd, wrought our Salvation,
And did unhinge that Day.

The brightneſs of that Day
We ſullied by our foul Offence:
Wherefore that Robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his Expence,
Whoſe drops of Blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of Mirth:
And where the week-days trail on Ground,
Thy Flight is higher, as thy Birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſev'n,
Till that we both, being toſs'd from Earth,
Fly Hand in Hand to Heaven!

¶ *Avarice.*

MOney, thou bane of Bliss, and sourse of Woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy Parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a Mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great Kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark Cave and Grot.

Then forcing thee, by Fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the Face of Man; for we
Have with our Stamp and Seal transfer'd our right:
Thou art the Man, and Man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his Wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- {MARY / ARMY} *gram.*

HOw well her Name an *Army* doth present,
In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch his Tent!

¶ *To all Angels and Saints.*

OH glorious Spirits who after all your Bands,
See the smooth Face of God, without a Frown,
Or strict Commands;
Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his Crown,
If not upon his Head, yet in his Hands:

Not

Not out of Envy or Maliciousneſs
Do I forbear to crave your ſpecial Aid.
I would addreſs
My Vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſs:

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great Reſtorative for all Decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my Soul unfold.

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his Pleaſure no Injunction lays,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a Wing.

All Worſhip is Prerogative, and a Flower,
Of his rich Crown, from whom lies no Appeal
At the laſt Hour:
Therefore we dare not from his Garland ſteal,
To make a Poſy for inferior Power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on Earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſter's Hand can ſhow.

¶ *Employment.*

HE that is weary, let him ſit;
My Soul would ſtir
And trade in Courteſies and Wit,
Quitting the Fur,
The cold Complexions needing it.

Man

Man is no Star, but a quick Coal
Of mortal Fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint Deſire,
Lets his own Aſhes choke his Soul.

When th' Elements did for place conteſt
With him whoſe Will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt.
The Earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in Wars.
The Sun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the Stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſie Plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some Fruit for him that dreſſeth me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The Man is gone,
Before we do our Wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the Grave increaſe our Cold.

¶ *Denial.*

WHen my Devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent Ears;
Then was my Heart broken, as was my Verſe;
My breaſt was full of Fears
And Diſorder.

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder;
Each took his way: some would to pleasure go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, say they,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O thou that should'st give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ *Christmas.*

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
With full cry of affections quite astray,
I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O thou whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a Manger,
Since my dark Soul and brutiſh is thy right,
To Man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

Furniſh and deck my Soul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THe Shepherds ſing, and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no Hymn for thee?
My Soul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word; the ſtreams thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and Flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I find a Sun
Shall ſtay till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams ſhall chear my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
'Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ *Ungrate-*

¶ *Ungratefulneſs.*

LOrd, with what Bounty and rare Clemency
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the Grave!
If thou had'ſt let us run,
Gladly had Man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his God moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better Gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of Treaſure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*;
Thou haſt unlock'd them both,
And made them Jewels to betroth
The Work of thy Creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting Pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling Light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till Death blow
The Duſt into our Eyes:
For by that Powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy Sweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy Mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with Delights;
Becauſe this Box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But Man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee;
When thou demandeſt but a Heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor Cabinet of Bone
Sins have their Box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

¶ *Sighs*

¶ *Sighs and Groans.*

O Do not uſe me
After my Sins! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: For thou only art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly Worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill Steward make?
I have abus'd thy Stock, deſtroy'd thy Woods,
Suck'd all thy Magazins: My Head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy Goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deſerv'd that an *Egyptian* Night
Should thicken all my Powers; becauſe my Luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd Fig-leaves to exclude thy Light;
But I am Frailty, and already Duſt;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd Vial of thy bitter Wrath!
For thou haſt other Veſſels full of Blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto Death: Since he dy'd for my good;
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
For thou haſt *Life* and *Death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *Feaſt* and *Rod*,
Cordial and *Corroſive*; Put not thy Hand
Into the bitter Box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me.

The

¶ *The World.*

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fancies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balconies*, *Tarraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *Laws*, and many a *Proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycomore, (dew,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought and
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward Walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band,
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Coloſ.

Coloſ. 3. 3.

Our Life is hid with Chriſt in God.

MY words and thoughts do both expreſs this notion,
That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
The firſt *IS* ſtreight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend:
One life is wrapt *IN* fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whoſe happy birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *THAT* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily Labour all *MY* pleaſure,
To gain at Harveſt an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ *Vanity.*

THe fleet Aſtronomer can bore,
And thred the ſpheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their ſtations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: He ſees their Dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd Aſpects, and ſecret Glances.

The nimble diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working Waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned Pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous Wretch;
That he might ſave his Life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive Pride
Her own Deſtruction and his Danger wears.

The

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the Creature naked, till he find
The callow Principles within their Nest:
There he imparts to them his Mind,
Admitted to their Bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary Suitors at the Door.

What hath not Man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious Law
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and Frost, with love and aw;
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poor Man! thou searcheſt round
To find out *Death*, but misseſt *Life* at hand.

¶ *Lent.*

WElcom dear Feast of *Lent*; who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of Passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *Now*;
Give to thy Mother what thou would'st allow
To every corporation.

The humble Soul compos'd of Love and Fear,
Begins at home, and lays the Burden there,
When Doctrines disagree.
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True

True Chriſtians ſhould be glad of an occaſion
To uſe their temperance ſeeking no Evaſion,
When Good is ſeaſonable;
Unleſs Authority, which ſhould encreaſe
The obligation in us, make it leſs,
And Power it ſelf diſable.

Beſides the cleanneſs of ſweet Abſtinence,
Quick Thoughts and Motions at a ſmall expence,
A Face not fearing Lights:
Whereas in fulneſs there are ſluttiſh Fumes,
Sour Exhalations, and diſhoneſt Rheums,
Revenging the Delight.

Then thoſe ſame pendent Profits, which the Spring
And Eaſter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And Goodneſs of the Deed.
Neither ought other Mens abuſe of *Lent*
Spoil the good uſe; leſt by that Argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Chriſt's fourtieth Day;
Yet to go part of that religious Way,
Is better than to reſt:
We cannot reach our Saviour's Purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our beſt.

Who goeth in the way which Chriſt hath gone,
Is much more ſure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth By-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May ſtrengthen my Decays.

Yet Lord inſtruct us to improve our Faſt
By ſtarving Sin, and taking ſuch repaſt,
As may our Faults controul:
That every Man may revel at his door,
Not in his Parlour; banqueting the Poor,
And among thoſe his Soul.

¶ *Virtue.*

SWeet Day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The Bridal of the Earth and Sky,
The Dew ſhall weep thy Fall to night;
For thou muſt die.

Sweet Roſe, whoſe hue angry and brave
Bids the raſh Gazer wipe his Eye,
Thy Root is ever in its grave,
And thou muſt die.

Sweet Spring, full of ſweet Days and Roſes,
A Box where Sweets compacted lie,
My Muſick ſhews ye have your cloſes,
And all muſt die.

Only a ſweet and virtuous Soul,
Like ſeaſon'd Timber, never gives;
But though the whole World turn to a Coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Pearl.* Matth. 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the Head
And Pipes that feed the preſs, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good Houſewife, ſpun
In Laws and Policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old diſcoveries, and the new found Seas;
The Stock and Surplus, Cauſe and Hiſtory:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the Keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick Returns of Courteſie and Wit:
In vies of Favours whether Party gains,
When Glory ſwells the Heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of Hand and Eye,
Which on the World a True-love Knot may tye,
And bear the Bundle, whereſoe'er it goes:
How many Drams of Spirits there muſt be
To ſell my Life unto my Friends or Foes;
Yet I love thee.

I know the Ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet Strains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot Blood and Brains;
What Mirth and Muſick mean; what Love and Wit
Have done theſe twenty hundred Years, and more:
I know the Projects of unbridled Store:
My Stuff is Fleſh, not Braſs; my Senſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open Eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main Sale, and the Commodities;
And at what Rate and Price I have thy love;
With all the Circumstances that may move:
Yet through the Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
But thy Silk-twist let down from Heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ *Affliction.*

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not
A thing forgot,
Once a poor Creature, now a wonder;
A Wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this World and that of Grace.

My Thoughts are all a case of Knives,
Wounding my Heart
With scatter'd smart;
As Wat'ring-pots give Flowers their Lives.
Nothing their Fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my Soul.

All my Attendants are at strife,
Quitting their Place
Unto my Face:
Nothing performs the Task of Life:
The Elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their Plot
Kill them and me,
And alſo thee,
Who art my Life: Diſſolve the Knot,
As the Sun ſcatters by his Light
All the Rebellions of the Night.

Then ſhall theſe Powers, which work for Grief,
Enter thy Pay,
And Day by Day
Labour thy Praiſe and my Relief;
With Care and Courage building me,
'Till I reach Heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ *Man.*

MY God, I heard this Day,
That none doth build a ſtately Habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What Houſe more ſtately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whoſe Creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a Tree, yet bears no Fruit;
A Beaſt, yet is, or ſhould be more.
Reaſon and Speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the ſcore.

Man is all ſymmetry,
Full of Proportions, one Limb to another,
And all to all the World beſides:
Each part may call the fartheſt Brother:
For Head with Foot hath private Amity,
And both with Moons and Tides.

Nothing hath got ſo far,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his Prey.
His Eyes diſmount the higheſt Star:
He is in little all the Sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our Fleſh, becauſe that they
Find their Acquaintance there.

For us the Winds do blow; (flow.
The Earth doth reſt, Heav'n move, and Fountains
Nothing we ſee, but means our good,
As our *Delight*, or as our *Treaſure*;
The whole is either our Cupboard of *Food*,
Or Cabinet of *Pleaſure*.

The Stars have us to Bed;
Night draws the Curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Muſick and Light attend our Head.
All things unto our *Fleſh* are kind
In their *Deſcent* and *Being*; to our *Mind*
In their *Aſſent* and *Cauſe*.

Each thing is full of Duty:
Waters united are our Navigation;
Diſtinguiſhed, our Habitation;
Below, our Drink; above, our Meat:
Both are our Cleanlineſs. Hath one ſuch Beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of: In every Path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When Sickneſs makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty Love! Man is one World, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
'Till then afford us ſo much Wit,
That as the World ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy Servants be.

¶ *Antiphon.*

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of Love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his Mercies ſo,
Ang. To his Friend,
Men. And to his Foe:

Chor. That both Grace and Glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the Fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Chor. He our Foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy Praiſes ſhall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore,
Chor. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two Folds one.

¶ *Unkindneſs.*

LOrd, make me tender to offend:
In Friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my Friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a Friend as I uſe thee.

If any touch my Friend, or his good Name,
It is my Honour and my Love to free
His blaſted Fame
From the leaſt Spot or Thought of Blame.
I could not uſe a Friend, as I uſe thee.

My Friend may ſpit upon my curious Floor:
Would he have Gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the Poor,
And thou within them ſtarve at Door.
I cannot uſe a Friend, as I uſe thee.

When that my Friend pretendeth to a Place,
I quit my Intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy Grace
Sues for my Heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a Friend as I uſe thee.

Yet can a Friend what thou haſt done fulfil?
O write in braſs, *My God upon a Tree*
His Blood did ſpill,
Only to purchaſe my good Will;
Yet uſe I not my Foes as I uſe Thee.

¶ *Life.*

¶ *Life.*

I Made a Poſy, while the Day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my Remnant out, and tye
My Life within this Band.
But Time did beckon to the Flowers, and they
By Noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my Heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle Admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly Death's ſad taſte convey,
Making my Mind to ſmell my fatal Day,
Yet ſug'ring the Suſpition.

Farewel dear Flowers; ſweetly your Time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for Smell or Ornament.
And after Death for Cures.
I follow ſtreight without Complaints or Grief,
Since, if my Scent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ *Submiſſion.*

BUt that thou art my Wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine Eyes are thine,
My Mind would be extreamly ſtirr'd
For miſſing my Deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some Place and Power on me?
Then ſhould thy Praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my Sight;
And pilf'ring what I once did give,
Diſſeiſe thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhould'ſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great Places, and thy Praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.
Wherefore unto my Gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Only do thou lend me a Hand,
Since thou haſt both mine Eyes.

¶ *Juſtice.*

I Cannot skill of theſe thy Ways.
Lord, thou did'ſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me;
Lord, thou do'ſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me;
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee;
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

But when I mark my Life and Praiſe,
Thy Juſtice me moſt fitly pays;
For I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not;
My Prayers mean thee, yet my Prayers ſtray.
I would do well, yet Sin the Hand hath got;
My Soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of theſe my Ways.

¶ *Charms and Knots.*

WHo read a Chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill Eyes.

A poor Man's Rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a Weapon and a Guide.

Who ſhuts his Hand, hath loſt his Gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to Bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two Nights to ev'ry Day.

Who by Aſperſions throw a Stone
At th' Head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on Ground with humble Eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' Hair is ſweet through Pride or Luſt,
The Powder doth forget the Duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for Gains.

In ſhallow Waters Heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ *Affliction.*

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floating Ark, whoſe Stay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry Age,
When Waves do riſe, and Tempeſt rage.

At firſt we liv'd in Pleaſure;
Thine own Delights thou did'ſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou did'ſt uſe Diſpleaſure
To make us thine; yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou would'ſt taſte our Miſery.

There is but Joy and Grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our Relief
Take up the second, then the double Line
And several Baits in either kind
Furnish thy Table to thy Mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the Trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While bluftring Winds destroy the wanton Bowers,
And ruffle all their curious Knots and Store.
My God, so temper Joy and Woe,
That thy bright Beams may tame thy Bow.

¶ *Mortification.*

How soon doth Man decay!
When Clothes are taken from a Chest of Sweets
To swaddle Infants, whose young Breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those Clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When Boys go first to Bed,
They step into their voluntary Graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their Breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive Nights, like rolling Waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for Death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for Musick, while his Veins do swell,
All day exchanging Mirth and Breath
In Company;
That Musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the House of Death.

When

When Man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a Houſe and Home, where he may move
Within the Circle of his Breath,
Schooling his Eyes;
That dumb Incloſure maketh Love
Unto the Coffin, that attends his Death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his Grave, and thawing ev'ry Year,
'Till all do melt, and drown his Breath
When he would ſpeak;
A Chair or Litter ſhews the Bier,
Which ſhall convey him to the Houſe of Death.

Man, e're he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his Herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
That all theſe Dyings may be Life in Death.

¶ *Decay.*

SWeet were the Days when thou didſt lodge with *Jacob*, (*Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*,
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy Power could not
Encounter *Moſes* ſtrong Complaints and Mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought, and found thee preſently
At ſome fair Oak, or Buſh, or Cave, or Well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great *Aaron*'s Bell.

But now thou doſt thy ſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one Corner of a feeble Heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old Foes,
Do pinch and ſtreighten thee, and uſe much Art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the VVorld grows old, when as the Heat
Of thy great Love once ſpread, as in an Urn
Doth cloſet up it ſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold Sin ſtill forcing it, till it return,
And calling Juſtice all things burn.

¶ *Miſery.*

LOrd, let the Angels praiſe thy Name.
Man is a fooliſh thing, a fooliſh thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His Houſe ſtill burns; and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but Glaſs,
He knows it, fill the Glaſs.

How canſt thou brook his Fooliſhneſs?
Nay, he'll not loſe a Cup of Drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his Exceſs;
Not he; he knows where he can better be,
As he will ſwear,
Than to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange Pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he!
No Man ſhall beat into his Head,
That thou within his Curtains drawn can'ſt ſee:
They are of Cloth,
Where never yet came Moth.

The best of Men, turn but thy Hand
For one poor Minute, stumble at a Pin:
They would not have their Actions scan'd,
Nor any Sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their Fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The Bargain made to serve thee: But thy Love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their Follies with the Wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy Foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy Name:
Thou art all Brightness, perfect Purity:
The Sun holds down his Head for shame,
Dead with Eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall Infection
Presume on thy Perfection?

As dirty Hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our Clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy Praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy Portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the Swine; there, there is his Delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his Dirt to wallow in all Night:
These Preachers make
His Head to shoot and ake.

Oh fooliſh Man, where are thine Eyes?
How haſt thou loſt them in a Croud of Cares?
Thou pull'ſt the Rug, and wilt not riſe,
No, not to purchaſe the whole Pack of Stars:
There let them ſhine,
Thou muſt go ſleep, or dine.

The Bird that ſees a dainty Bower
Made in the Tree where ſhe was wont to ſit,
Wonders and ſings, but not his Power,
Who made the Arbour: This exceeds her Wit.
But Man doth know
The Spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His Knowledge winks, and lets his Humours reign:
They make his Life a conſtant Blot,
And all the Blood of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what Verſe
Can thy ſtrange ways rehearſe?

Indeed at firſt Man was a Treaſure,
A Box of Jewels, Shop of Rarities,
A Ring, whoſe Poſy was, *My Pleaſure*;
He was a Garden in a Paradiſe:
Glory and Grace
Did crown his Heart and Face.

But Sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of Fleſh, without a Foot or VVing
To raiſe him to the Glimpſe of Bliſs:
A ſick toſs'd Veſſel daſhing on each thing;
Nay, his own Shelf:
My God, I mean my ſelf.

¶ *Jordan.*

¶ *Jordan.*

WHen firſt my Lines of Heav'nly Joys made (mention,
Such was their Luſtre, they did ſo excel,
That I ſought out quaint words and trim invention:
My Thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with Metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the Senſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of Notions in my Brain did run,
Off'ring their Service, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the Sun,
Much leſs thoſe Joys which trample on his Head.

As Flames do work and wind, when they aſcend;
So did I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might hear a Friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a Sweetneſs ready penn'd;
Copy out only that, and ſave Expence.

¶ *Prayer.*

OF what an eaſie quick acceſs,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our Requeſts thine Ear invade!
To ſhew that State diſlikes not eaſineſs.
If I but lift mine Eyes, my Suit is made:
Thou canſt no more not hear, than thou can'ſt die.

Of

Of what ſupream Almighty Power
Is thy great Arm, which ſpans the Eaſt and Weſt,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſs of our Requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable Love
Art thou poſſeſt, who when thou couldſt not die,
Wert fain to take our Fleſh and Curſe,
And for our ſakes in Perſon ſin reprove;
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy Purſe,
Thou might'ſt make way for Liberality!

Since then theſe three wait on thy Throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, Fame, Endowments, Virtues all ſhould go:
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch loſt, an ell.

¶ *Obedience.*

MY God, if Writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way,
Whither the Buyer and the Seller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poor Paper do as much as they.

On it my Heart doth bleed
As many Lines, as there doth need
To paſs it ſelf, and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpecial Deed.

If

If that hereafter Pleaſure
Cavil, and claim her part and meaſure,
As if this paſſed with a reſervation,
Or ſome ſuch words in faſhion;
I here exclude the Wrangler from thy Treaſure.

O let thy ſacred Will
All thy Delight in me fulfil:
Let me not think an Action mine own way,
But as thy Love ſhall ſway,
Reſigning up the Rudder to thy Skill.

Lord, what is Man to thee,
That thou ſhould'ſt mind a rotten Tree?
Yet ſince thou can'ſt not chuſe but ſee my Actions;
So great are thy Perfections,
Thou may'ſt as well my Actions guide, as ſee.

Beſides, thy Death and Blood
Show'd a ſtrange love to all our Good:
Thy Sorrows were in earneſt; no faint proffer,
Or ſuperficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withſtood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word only I ſay, No.
When in the Deed there was an intimation
Of a *Gift* or *Donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *Purchaſe* go.

He that will paſs his Land,
As I have mine, may ſet his Hand
And Heart unto this Deed, when he hath read;
And make the Purchaſe ſpread
To both our Goods, if he to it will ſtand.

How happy were my part,
If ſome kind Man would thruſt his Heart
Into theſe Lines; till in Heavens Court of Rolls
They were by winged Souls
Entred for both, far above their Deſert!

¶ *Conſcience.*

PEace Pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair Look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet Diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſt'ning to thy chatting Fears
I have both loſt mine Eyes and Ears.

Pratler, no more, I ſay:
My Thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſs Sphere.
Harmonious Peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for Pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have Phyſick to expel thee.

And the Receipt ſhall be
My Saviour's Blood: when ever at his Board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No not a Tooth or Nail to ſcratch,
And at my Actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my Phyſick, know there's ſome for thee:
Some Wood or Nails to make a Staff or Bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
That bloody Croſs of my dear Lord
Is both my Phyſick and my Sword.

¶ *Sion.*

¶ *Sion.*

LOrd, with what Glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When *Solomon*'s Temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt Gold;
The Wood was all embelliſhed
With Flowers and Carvings, myſtical and rare:
All ſhew'd the Builders, crav'd the Seer's care.

Yet all this Glory, all this Pomp and State
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd Debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient Claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with Sin;
For all thy Frame and Fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtrugling with a peeviſh Heart,
Which ſome times croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The Fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All *Solomon*'s Sea of Braſs and World of Stone
Is not ſo dear to thee as one good Groan.

And truly Braſs and Stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the Dead, not Temples fit for thee:
But Groans are quick and full of Wings,
And all their Motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like Larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet Muſick for a King.

¶ *Home.*

COme Lord, my Head doth burn, my Heart is ſick
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long Deferrings wound me to the quick,
My Spirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How

How can'ſt thou ſlay, conſidering the pace
The Blood did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I beheld it trickling down thy Face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When Man was loſt, thy Pity lookt about,
To ſee what help in th' Earth or Sky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The Help did in thy Boſom lie.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that Neſt,
That Hive of Sweetneſs, to remove
Thraldom from thoſe, who would not at a Feaſt
Leave one poor Apple for thy Love?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this can'ſt thou be ſtrange?
So many Years baptiz'd, and not appear;
As if thy Love could fail or change?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this World to me?
This World of wo? hence all ye Clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

What is this weary World, this Meat and Drink,
That chains us by the Teeth ſo faſt?
What is this Woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

With

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th' other day
I blaſted all the Joys about me:
And ſcouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me,
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſo'ere I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves, and come to thee,
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

We talk of Harveſt; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our Corn and Hay:
There is no fruitful Year, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

O looſe this Frame, this knot of Man untie,
That my free Soul may uſe her Wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality;
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

What have I left that I ſhould ſtay and groan?
The moſt of me to Heav'n is fled:
My Thoughts and Joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old Acquaintance plead.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

Come deareſt Lord, paſs not this holy Seaſon,
My Fleſh, and Bones, and Joints do pray:
And ev'n my Verſe, when by the Rhyme and Seaſon
The word is *Stay*, ſays ever, *Come*.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me
Or take me up to thee!

The

¶ *The Britiſh Church.*

I Jow dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect Lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her Letters from thy Face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine Aſpect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is beſt.

Outlandiſh Looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the Hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted Shrines,
That ev'n her Face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her Reward.

She in the Valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her Hair doth lie
About her Ears:

While ſhe avoids her Neighbour's Pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide
And nothing wears

But deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſs)
The mean thy Praiſe and Glory is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God whoſe love it was
To double-mote thee with his Grace,
And none but thee.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Quip.*

THE merry World did on a day
With his Train-bands and Mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to jeer at me.

Firſt, Beauty crept into a Roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, whoſe Hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What Tune is this, poor Man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had Skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In Silks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an Eye.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a Comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an Oration.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy deſign
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their Anſwer home.

¶ *Vanity.*

¶ *Vanity.*

POor silly Soul, whose Hope and Head lies low;
Whose flat Delights on Earth do creep and grow;
To whom the Stars shine not so fair, as Eyes;
Nor solid work, as false Embroideries;
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase Heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If Souls be made of earthly Mold,
Let them love Gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their Kinred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient Nest.
Then silly Soul take heed; for earthly Joy
Is but a Bubble, and makes thee a Boy.

¶ *The Dawning.*

AWake sad Heart, whom Sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine Eyes, which feed on Earth;
Unfold thy Forehead gather'd into Frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him Mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful Heart his Comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
And feel his Death, but not his Victory.

Arise

Ariſe ſad Heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
Chriſt's Reſurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
And with his Burial-linen dry thine Eyes. (Grief.
Chriſt left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws Tears, or Blood, not want an Handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my Heart, his ſacred Name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great Affliction broke the little Frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to ſeek:
And firſt I found the corner, where was J,
After, where *ES*, and next where U was graved.
When I had got theſe Parcels, inſtantly
I ſat me down to ſpell them, and perceived
That to my broken Heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ *Buſineſs.*

CAn'ſt be idle, can'ſt thou play,
Fooliſh Soul, who ſin'd to day?

Rivers run, and Springs each one
Know their Home, and get them gone:
Haſt thou Tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poor Soul, thou haſt no Tears,
Would thou hadſt no Faults or Fears!
Who hath theſe, thoſe ills forbears.

Winds

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the Seaſon cold or hot:
Haſt thou Sighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no Sighs or Groans,
Would thou hadſt no Fleſh and Bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh Soul, who dy'd for thee?

Who did leave his Father's Throne,
To aſſume thy Fleſh and Bone?
Had he Life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt dy'd moſt wretchedly;
And two Deaths had been thy Fee.

He ſo far thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not dy'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie;
Two Lives worſe than ten Deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of Breath
'Twixt his Sins and Saviour's Death?

He that loſeth Gold, though Droſs,
Tells to all he meets, his Croſs:
He that ſins, hath he no loſs?

He that finds a ſilver Vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviour's Death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither Sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ *Dialogue.*

¶ *Dialogue.*

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my Soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly ſhould I then controul
Any Thought of waving.
But when all my Care and Pains
Cannot give the Name of Gains
To thy Wretch ſo full of Stains;
What Delight or Hope remains?

What (Child) is the Ballance thine?
Thine the Poize and Meaſure?
If I ſay thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my Treaſure.
What the Gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for Man was ſold, can ſee,
That tranſfer'd th' Accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no Merit,
Leading to his Favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my Saviour.
As the Reaſon then is thine;
So the Way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole Deſign:
Sin diſclaims, and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my Clay, my Creature would
Follow my reſigning;
That as I did freely part
With my Glory and Deſert,
Left all Joys to feel all Smart----------
Ah! no more: Thou break'ſt my Heart.

¶ *Dulneſs.*

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all Earth?
O give me Quickneſs, that I may with Mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full.

The wanton Lover in a curious Strain
Can praiſe his faireſt Fair;
And with quaint Metaphors her curled Hair
Curl o're again:

Thou art my Lovelineſs, my Life, my Light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody Death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all Perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy Form doth ſhow,
The very Duſt where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes Beauties here.

Where are my Lines then? my Approaches? Views?
Where are my window-Songs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n Wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in Fleſh, whoſe ſugered Lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a Mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy Gift, that with a conſtant Wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look only: For to *love* thee, who can be,
What Angel fit?

¶ *Love-*

¶ *Love-joy.*

AS on a Window late I caſt mine Eye,
I ſaw a Vine drop Grapes, with ℱ and *C*
Anneal'd on every Branch. One ſtanding by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To ſpend my Judgment) ſaid, it ſeem'd to me
To be the Body and the Letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*; Sir, you have not miſs'd,
The Man reply'd; It figures *JESUS CHRIST.*

¶ *Providence.*

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! Shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my Fingers bend
To hold my Quill? Shall they not do thee right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Only to Man thou haſt made known thy Ways,
And put the Pen alone into his Hand,
And made him Secretary of thy Praiſe.

Beaſts fain would ſing; Birds ditty to their Notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
To thy Renown: But all their Hands and Throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the World's High-Prieſt: He doth preſent
The Sacrifice for all: While they below
Unto the Service mutter an Aſſent,
Such as Springs uſe that fall, and Winds that blow.

He that to praiſe and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himſelf alone,
But robs a thouſand, who would praiſe thee fain;
And doth commit a World of Sin in one.

The Beaſts ſay, Eat me; but if Beaſts muſt teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praiſe.
The Trees ſay, Pull me; but the Hand you ſtretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raiſe.

Wherefore, moſt ſacred Spirit, I here preſent
For me and all my Fellows praiſe to thee:
And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the Rent,
Becauſe the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy Power and Love
To be exact, tranſcendent and divine;
Who doſt ſo ſtronly and ſo ſweetly move,
While all things have their Will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *Command* or thy *Permiſſion*
Lay Hands on all; they are thy *right* and *left*,
The firſt puts on with ſpeed an Expedition;
The other curbs Sin's ſtealing Pace and Theft,

Nothing eſcapes them both; all muſt appear,
And be diſpos'd, and dreſs'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who ſweetly temper'ſt all. If we could hear
Thy Skill and Art, what Muſick would it be!

Thou art in ſmall things great, not ſmall in any;
Thy even Praiſe can neither riſe nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempeſts are calm to thee, they know thy Hand,
And hold it faſt, as Children do their Fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou haſt made poor Sand
Check the proud Sea, ev'n when it ſwells and gathers.

Thy Cupboard ſerves the World; the Meat is ſet,
Where all may reach; no Beaſt but knows his feed.
Birds teach us Hawking; Fiſhes have their Net:
The great prey on the leſs, they on ſome weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his Meat;
Flies have their Tables ſpread, e're they appear;
Some Creatures have in Winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their Chear.

How finely doſt thou Times and Seaſons ſpin,
And make a Twiſt checker'd with Night and Day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each Creature hath a Wiſdom for his good.
The Pigeons feed their tender Off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their Food,
When they are fledg, that Need may teach 'em flying.

Bees work for Man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their Maſter's Flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As far as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the Flow'r doth ſtay, and Honey run.

Sheep eat the Graſs, and dung the Ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their Leaves for Soil:
Springs vent their Streams, and by Expence get ſtore:
Clouds cool by Heat, and Baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the Virtue to expreſs the rare
And curious Virtues both of Herbs and Stones?
Is there an Herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhew a Root that gives Expreſſions?

And if an Herb hath power, what have the Stars!
A Roſe, beſides his Beauty, is a Cure.
Doubtleſs our Plagues and Plenty, Peace and Wars
Are there much ſurer than our Art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid Metals: Man may take them thence;
But at his Peril; when he digs the Place,
He makes a Grave; as if the thing had Senſe,
And threatned Man, that he ſhould fill the Space.

Ev'n Poyſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should Creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are Poyſons, Antidotes are moſt;
The Help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the Fear in view.

The Sea, which ſeems to ſtop the Traveller,
Is by a Ship the ſpeedier Paſſage made.
The VVinds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to ſerve his Trade.

And as thy Houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious Art in marſhalling thy Goods.
The Hills with Health abound, the Vales with ſtore;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; eaſy things good cheap;
The common all Men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore ſeek to have and care to keep.
The healthy Froſts with Summer Fruits compare.

Light without Wind is Glaſs; Warm without Weight
Is Wool and Furs; Cool without Coldneſs, ſhade;
Speed without Pains, a Horſe; Tall without Height
A ſervile Hawk; Low without Loſs, a Spade.

All Countries have enough to ſerve their Need:
If they ſeek fine things, thou doſt make them run
For their Offence; and then doſt turn their Speed
To be commerce and trade from Sun to Sun.

Nothing wears Clothes but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth Fire,
But Man alone, to ſhew his heav'nly Breed:
And only he hath Fewel in Deſire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'ſt a ſea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, thou did'ſt broach the mountains;
When yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain

Rain doth not hurt my Flowers; but gently ſpend
Your Honey drops; preſs not to ſmell them here;
When they are ripe, their Odour will aſcend,
And at your Lodging with their Thanks appear.

How harſh are Thorns to Pears! and yet they make
A better Hedge, and need leſs Reparation.
How ſmooth are Silks, compared with a Stake,
Or with a Stone! yet make no good Foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy Gifts to Man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* Nut alone
Is Cloathing, Meat and Trencher, Drink and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail and Needle, all in one.

Moſt Herbs that grow in Brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold Fruits warm Kernels help againſt the wind.
The Limon's Juice and Rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy Creatures leap not, but expreſs a Feaſt,
Where all the Gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry Fiſh and Fleſh; Bats, Bird and Beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th'earth & plants.

To ſhew thou art not bound, as if thy Lot
Were worſe than ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under Jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have ſev'ral ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee; and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other Hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in uſe and name
It go for one, hath many ways in ſtore
To honour thee; and ſo each Hymn thy Fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

¶ *Hope.*

I Gave to Hope a Watch of mine; but he
An Anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did preſent:
And he an Optick ſent.
With that I gave a Vial full of Tears:
But he a few green Ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a Ring.

¶ *Sins Round.*

SOrry I am, my God, ſorry I am,
That my Offences courſe it in a Ring.
My Thoughts are working like a buſy Flame;
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their Draughts.
My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed Thoughts.
Which ſpit it forth like the *Sicilian* Hill.
They vent the Wares, and paſs them with their Faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the Ill.
But words ſuffice not, where are lewd Intentions:
My Hands do joyn to finiſh the Inventions.

My Hands do joyn to finiſh the Inventions:
And ſo my Sins aſcend three Stories high,
As *Babel* grew, before there were Diſſenſions.
Yet ill Deeds loyter not; for they ſupply
New Thoughts of ſinning; wherefore to my ſhame,
Sorry I am, my God, ſorry I am.

¶ *Time.*

¶ *Time.*

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, ſaid I,
Thy Sithe is dull, whet it for ſhame.
No Marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame:
But where one Man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too ſharp do find it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſs,
Who above all things lov'd this Life;
To whom thy Sithe a Hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning Knife.
Chriſt's coming hath made Man thy Debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his Bleſſing thou art bleſt:
For where thou only wert before
An Executioner at beſt;
Thou art a Gard'ner now and more.
An Uſher to convey our Souls
Beyond the utmoſt Stars and Poles.

And this is that makes Life ſo long,
While it deteins us from our God.
Ev'n Pleaſures here increaſe the wrong:
And length of Days lengthen the Rod.
Who wants the Place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of Hell.

Of what ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
Which ev'n Eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, this Man deludes:
What do I here before his Door?
He doth not crave leſs time, but more.

¶ *Gratefulneſs.*

THou that haſt given ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful Heart.
See how thy Beggar works on thee
By Art.

He makes thy Gifts occaſion more,
And ſays, if he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt given him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our Hearts and Hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual Knockings at thy Door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent Rooms,
Gift upon Gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou went'ſt on,
And didſt allow us all our Noiſe:
Nay, thou haſt made a Sigh and Groan
Thy Joys.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better Tunes than Groans can make;
But that theſe Country-Airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet can'ſt thou be,
'Till I a thankful Heart obtain
Of thee:

Not

Not thankful, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy Bleſſings had ſpare Days:
But ſuch a Heart, whoſe Pulſe may be
Thy Praiſe.

¶ *Peace.*

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret Cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow Wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going, did a Rain-bow note:
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's Coat:
I will ſearch out the Matter.
But while I look'd, the Clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a Garden, and did ſpy
A gallant Flower,
The Crown Imperial: Sure ſaid I,
Peace at the Root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a Worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old Man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of Flock and Fold.

He

He ſweetly liv'd; yet Sweetneſs did not ſave
His Life from Foes.
But after death out of his Grave
There ſprang twelve Stalks of Wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the Earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That Virtues lie therein;
A ſecret Vertue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this Grain, which in my Garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make Bread of it; and that Repoſe
And Peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.

¶ *Confeſſion.*

O What a cunning Gueſt
Is this ſame Grief! within my Heart I made
Cloſets and in them many a Cheſt;
And, like a Maſter in my Trade,
In thoſe Cheſts, Boxes; in each Box, a Till:
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No Screw, no Piercer can
Into a Piece of Timber work and wind,
As God's Afflictions into Man,
When he a Torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubtleſt Hearts;
And fall, like Rheums upon the tendereſt parts,

We

We are the Earth, and they,
Like Moles within us, heave and caſt about:
And till they foot and clutch their Prey,
They never cool, much leſs give out.
No Smith can make ſuch Locks, but they have Keys:
Cloſets are Halls to them; and Hearts High-ways.

Only an open Breaſt
Doth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new Adventure.
Smooth open Hearts no Faſtning have; but Fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to Affliction.

Wherefore my Faults and Sins,
Lord, I acknowledge: take thy Plagues away:
For ſince Confeſſion Pardon wins,
I challenge here the brighteſt Day,
The cleareſt Diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudy to my Breaſt.

¶ *Giddineſs.*

OH what a thing is Man! how far from Power,
From ſettled Peace and Reſt!
He is ſome twenty ſev'ral Men at leaſt
Each ſev'ral hour.

One while he counts of Heav'n, as of his Treaſure:
But then a Thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of Sin
Will loſe a Pleaſure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the Wars;
Now eat his Bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet; now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds a Houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a Whirlwind blew
And cruſh'd the Building: And it's partly true,
His Mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his Attires
Did alter with his Mind!
And like a Dolphin's Skin, his Clothes combin'd
With his Deſires!

Surely, if each one ſaw another's Heart,
There would be no commerce,
No Sale or Bargain paſs: All would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: One Creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own Salvation.

¶ *The Bunch of Grapes.*

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad Man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven Years ago; one Vogue and Vein,
One Air of Thoughts uſurps my Brain.
I did towards *Canaan* draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of Shame.

For

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd, and saw no Town;
So now each Christian hath his Journy spann'd:
Their Story pens and sets us down.
A single Deed is small Renown.
God's Works are wide, and let in future Times:
His ancient Justice overflows our Crimes.

Then have we too our Guardian-fires and Clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our Sands and Serpents, Tents and Shrouds;
Alas! our Murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? Where's the Taste
Of mine Inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their Joy as Sorrow.

But can he want the Grape, who hath the Wine?
I have their Fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah*'s Vine,
And made it bring forth Grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sowr Juice sweet Wine did make,
Ev'n God himself being pressed for my sake.

¶ *Love unknown.*

DEar Friend, sit down, the Tale is long and sad:
And in my Faintings I presume your Love
Will more comply than help. A Lord, I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve
I hold for two Lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a Dish of Fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my Heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt

Lookt on a Servant, who did know his Eye
Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
Than I my ſelf. The Servant inſtantly
Quitting the Fruit, ſeiz'd on my Heart alone,
And threw it in a Font, wherein did fall
A Stream of Blood, which iſſu'd from the Side
Of a great Rock: I will remember all,
And have good cauſe: There it was dipt and dy'd,
And waſht, and wrung: The very wringing yet
Enforceth Tears. *Your Heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a Fault, more than my Leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill ask'd Pardon, and was not deny'd.
But you ſhall hear. After my Heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide.
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by my ſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious Furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling Caldron, round about whoſe Verge
Was in great Letters ſet *AFFLICTION.*
The greatneſs ſhew'd the Owner. So I went
To fetch a Sacrifice out of my Fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus preſent,
To warm his Love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my Heart did tender it, the Man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my Heart into the ſcalding Pan;
My Heart that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The Offerer's Heart. *Your Heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous Matter
Began to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer Drug than ſcalding Water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy Blood,
Which at a Board, while many drunk bare Wine,
A Friend did ſteal into my Cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and moſt Divine

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the Caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my Houſe, where to repair the Strength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my Bed:
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe Faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the Bed with Thoughts,
I would ſay *Thorns*. Dear, could my Heart not break,
When with my Pleaſures ev'n my Reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the Key to none but one:
It muſt be he. *Your Heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy State of Mind
Did oft poſſeſs me ſo, that when I pray'd,
Though my Lips went, my Heart did ſtay behind.
But all my Scores were by another paid,
Who took the Debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhows to you
More Favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew;
The Caldron ſupplied what was grown too hard;
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull;
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be chear'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the Week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ *Man's Medly.*

HEark how the Birds do ſing,
And Woods do ring.
All Creatures have their Joy, and Man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
Man's Joy and Pleaſure
Rather hereafter, than in preſent, is.

To

To this Life things of ſenſe
Make their pretence:
In th' other Angels have a right by Birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one Hand touching Heav'n, with th' other Earth.

In Soul he mounts and flies,
In Fleſh he dies:
He wears a Stuff, whoſe Thread is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious Lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
But as Birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their Heads;
So muſt he ſip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his Joys are double;
So is his Trouble.
He hath two Winters, other things but one:
Both Froſts and Thoughts do nip,
And bite his Lip;
And he of all things fears two Deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greateſt Griefs
May be Reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whoſe Heart
Hath found the Art
To turn his double Pains to double Praiſe.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Storm.*

IF, as the Winds and Waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My Sighs and Tears as buſie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous Times
Amaze poor Mortals, and object their Crimes.

Stars have their Storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing Conſcience ſpurred by Remorſe
Hath a ſtrange Force:
It quits the Earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy Door.

There it ſtands knocking to thy Muſick's wrong,
And drowns the Song.
Glory and Honour are ſet by, till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor Storms: ſuch days are beſt;
They purge the Air without, within the Breaſt.

¶ *Paradiſe.*

I Bleſs thee, Lord, becauſe I GROW
Among thy Trees, which in a ROW
To thee both Fruit and Order OW.

What open Force, or hidden CHARM
Can blaſt my Fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the Incloſure is thine ARM?

Incloſe

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Than let me want thy Hand and ART.

When thou doſt greater Judgments SPARE,
And with thy Knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful Trees more fruitful ARE.

Such Sharpneſs ſhows the ſweeteſt FRIEND:
Such Cuttings rather heal than REND:
And ſuch Beginnings touch their END.

¶ *The Method.*

POor Heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his Will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou doſt move:
For he is *Power*; and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy Breaſt, and turn thy Book:
If thou had'ſt loſt a Glove or Ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And ſhould God's Ear
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own Motions hear?
Is God leſs free?

But ſtay: What's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould God's Ear,
Which needs not Man be ty'd to thoſe
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter Foes?

Then once more pray;
Down with thy Knees, up with thy Voice:
Seek Pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad Heart rejoice.

¶ *Divinity.*

AS Men for fear the Stars ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have Spheres ſupply'd;
As if a Star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a Guide:

Juſt ſo the other Heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent Skie:
Which with the Edge of Wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lyes by.

Could not that Wiſdom, which firſt broach'd the Wine,
Have thickn'd it with Definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſs Coat, had that been fine,
With curious Queſtions and Diviſions?

But

But all the Doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as Heav'n, from whence it came:
At leaſt thoſe Beams of Truth, which only ſave,
Surpaſs in Brightneſs any Flame.

Love God, and love your Neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark Inſtructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian Knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his Blood for Wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſign,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh Man;
Break all thy Spheres, and ſave thy Head.
Faith needs no Staff of Fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To Heav'n alone both go and lead.

Epheſ. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

ANd art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am ſowr,
And croſs thy Love?
Grieved for me? the God of Strength and Power
Griev'd for a Worm, which when I tread,
I paſs away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine Eyes, the God of Love doth grieve:
Weep fooliſh Heart,
And weeping live;
For Death is dry as Duſt. Yet if ye part,
End as the Night, whoſe ſable Hue
Your Sins expreſs: melt into Dew.

When ſawcy Mirth ſhall knock or call at Door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on Senſe:
I ſin not to my Grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth groan.

O take thy Lute, and tune it to a Strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no Diſcord but in ceaſing be.
Marbles can weep; and ſurely Strings
More Bowels have than ſuch hard Things:

Lord, I adjudge my ſelf to Tears and Grief,
Ev'n endleſs Tears
Without Relief.
If a clear Spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Cryſtal, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And Fleſh would fail,
If my Deſerts were Maſters of mine Eyes;
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of Tears with ſtore of Blood.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Family.*

WHat doth this Noiſe of Thoughts within my Heart,
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud Complaints and pulling Fears,
As if there were no Rule or Ears?

But, Lord, the Houſe and Family are thine,
Though ſome of them repine,
Turn out theſe Wranglers, which defile thy Seat:
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt, Peace and Silence all diſputes controul,
Then Order plays the Soul;
And giving all things their ſet Forms and Hours,
Makes of wild Woods ſweet Walks and Bowers.

Humble Obedience near the Door doth ſtand,
Expecting a Command:
Than whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick, when ſhe doth go.

Joys oft are there, and Griefs as oft as Joys;
But Grief's without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder, than diſtemper'd Fears;
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent Tears?

This is thy Houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found,
Perhaps thou com'ſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Size.*

COntent thee, greedy Heart.
Modeſt and moderate Joys to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper Springs into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of Cloves and Nutmegs, and in Cinamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithal to ſpice a Draught,
When Griefs prevail,
And for the future time art Heir
To the Iſle of Spices, is't not fair?

To be in both Worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his Laws of Faſting diſannul?
Enact good Chear?
Lay out thy Joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy Cake, and have it?

Great Joys are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have re-
And live on ſcore: (nounce
Thoſe are at Home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on *Sion*'s Hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd Joy,
And in the Fleſh condem'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in Lump; for ſuch doth oft deſtroy,
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent Health reſtore.

A Chriſtian's State and Caſe
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and ſpare,
Yet active Strength: Whoſe long and bony Face
Content and Care
Do ſeem to equally divide,
Like a Pretender, not a Bride.

Wherefore ſit down good Heart
Graſp not at much, for fear thou loſeſt all:
If Comforts feel according to deſert,
They would great Froſts and Snows deſtroy:
For we ſhould count ſince the laſt Joy.

Then cloſe again the Seam
Which thou haſt open'd; do not ſpread thy Robe
In hope of great Things. Call to mind thy Dream,
An earthly Globe,
On whoſe Meridian was engraven,
Theſe Seas are Tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ *Artillery.*

AS I one Evening ſat before my Cell,
Me-thoughts a Star did ſhoot into my Lap.
I roſe and ſhook my Clothes, as knowing well,
That from ſmall Fires comes oft no ſmall Miſhap:
When ſuddenly I heard one ſay,
Do as thou uſeſt, diſobey,
Expel good Motions from thy Breaſt,
Which have the Face of Fire, but end in Reſt.

I,

I, who had heard of Muſick in the Spheres,
But not of Speech in Stars, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whoſe Miniſters
The Stars and all Things are; If I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with Blood
To waſh away my ſtubborn Thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo Stars and Shooters too,
Born where thy Servants both Artilleries uſe.
My Tears and Prayers Night and Day do woe.
And work up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy Will,
Than thou to grant mine: But becauſe
Thy Promiſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy Laws:

Then we are Shooters both, and thou doſt deign
To enter Combat with us and conteſt
With thine own Clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my Arrows, and behold my Breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ *Church Rents and Schisms.*

BRave Rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the Chair,
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A Worm doth sit, whose many Feet and Hair
Are the more foul the more thou art divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the Root
And bottom of the Leaves; which when the Wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under Foot,
Where rude unhallow'd Steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous Glories. Only Shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy Chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? Is she the Rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious Blood
Gave you a Colour once; which when your Foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when Debates and fretting Jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your Colour faded, and Calamities
Turned your Ruddy into Pale and Bleak;
Your Health and Beauty both began to break.

Then did you sev'ral parts unloose and start:
Which when your Neighbours saw, like a North-wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the Dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me Eyes enough to weep,
As many Eyes as Stars? Since it is Night,
And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
And ev'n all *Africk*; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the Dew,
Which falls by Night, and pour it out for you.

¶ *Justice.*

¶ *Juſtice.*

O Dreadful Juſtice, what a Fright and Terror
Waſt thou of old,
When Sin and Error
Did ſhow and ſhape thy Looks to me,
And through their Glaſs diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The Diſhes of thy Balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great Pits;
The Beam and Scape
Did like ſome tort'ring Engine ſhow:
Thy Hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the ſtouteſt Hearts, the proudeſt Wits.

But now that Chriſt's pure Vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no Fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy Scales like Buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to Heaven from this Well of Tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
God's Promiſes have made thee mine:
Why ſhould I Juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

¶ *The Pilgrimage.*

I Travel on, ſeeing the Hill, where lay
My Expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy Cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The Rock of Pride.

And ſo I came to Phancy's Meadows ſtrow'd
With many a Flower:
Fain would I here have made Abode,
But I was quickn'd by my Hour.
So to Care's Cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the Wild of Paſſion; which
Some call the World;
A waſted Place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my Gold,
Save one good Angel, which a Friend had ty'd
Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſome Hill,
Where lay my Heart; and climbing ſtill,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A Lake of brackiſh Waters on the Ground
Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a Sting,
Of ſwarming Fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be Tears?
Yet taking heart, I roſe, and then ~~perceiv'd~~ believed
I was deceiv'd.

My Hill was further: So I flung away,
Yet heard a Cry
Juſt as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives; If that be all, ſaid I,
After ſo foul a Journey Death is fair,
And but a Chair.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Hold-faſt.*

I Threatned to obſerve the ſweet Decree
Of my dear God with all my Power and Might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my Light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſs that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſs that he my Succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſs
That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, 'till I heard a Friend expreſs,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ *Complaining.*

DO not beguile my Heart,
Becauſe thou art
My Power and Wiſdom. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy Clay that weeps, thy Duſt that calls.
Thou art the Lord of Glory;
The Deed and Story
Are both thy due: But I a ſilly Fly,
That live or die,
According as thy Weather falls.
Art thou all Juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy Word
More Attributes? Am I all Throat or Eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no Parts but thoſe of Grief?

Let not thy wrathful Power
Afflict my Hour,
My Inch of Life; or let thy gracious Power
Contract my Hour,
That I may climb and find Relief.

¶ *The Discharge.*

BUsy enquiring Heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous Eye
Look high and low,
And in thy Lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy Counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy Heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recal?

Thy Life is God's, thy Time to come is gone,
And is his Right.
He is thy Night at Noon: He is at Night
Thy Noon alone.
The Crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befel,
That God did make
Thy Business his, and in thy Life partake:
For thou can'st tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future Brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the Mud
Of future Depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for Woe,
In Times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the Preſent fit: If he provide,
He breaks the Square.
This Hour is mine: If for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do incroach upon Death's ſide;

For Death each Hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future Chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe Grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: But they that ſpend
Their Thoughts and Senſe
On future Grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the Dog till Night: Wilt looſe the Chain,
And wake thy Sorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtal it, and now grieve to Morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy Pain?

Either Grief will not come; or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd; he is juſt.

¶ *Praiſe.*

KIng of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that Love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my Requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me
Thou didſt note my working Breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt Art
I will ſing thee.
And the Cream of all my Heart
I will bring thee.

Though my Sins againſt me cryed,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they replyed,
Thou didſt hear me.

Sev'n whole Days, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my Heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with Tears,
Thou relentedſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for Fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poor ſort
To enrol thee:
Ev'n Eternity is too ſhort
To extol thee.

¶ *An*

¶ *An Offering.*

COme, bring thy Gift. If Bleſſings were as ſlow,
As Mens Returns, what would become of Fools?
What haſt thou there? a Heart? but is it pure?
Search well and ſee; for Hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure Heart is nothing to beſtow;
In Chriſt two Natures met to be thy Cure.

O that within us Hearts had Propagation,
Since many Gifts do challenge many Hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
And ſingle things grow fruitful by Deſerts.
In publick Judgments one may be a Nation,
And fence a Plague, while others ſleep and ſlumber.

But all I fear is, leſt thy Heart diſpleaſe,
As neither good, nor one: So oft Diviſions
Thy Luſts have made, and not thy Luſts alone;
Thy Paſſions alſo have their ſet Partitions.
Theſe parcel out thy Heart. Recover theſe,
And thou may'ſt offer many Gifts in one.

There is a Balſam, or indeed a Blood, (cloſe
Dropping from Heav'n, which doth both cleanſe and
All ſorts of Wounds; of ſuch ſtrange force it is:
Seek out this All-heal, and ſeek no Repoſe,
Until thou find and uſe it to thy good;
Then bring thy Gift, and let thy Hymn be this;

SInce my Sadneſs
Into Gladneſs,
Lord, thou doſt convert;
O accept
What thou haſt kept,
As thy due Deſert.

Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this Heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy Favour
May give ſavour
To this poor Oblation;
And it raiſe
To be thy Praiſe,
And be my Salvation.

¶ *Longing.*

WIth ſick and famiſh'd Eyes,
With doubling Knees, and weary Bones,
To thee my Cries,
To thee my Grones,
To thee my Sighs, my Tears aſcend:
No end?

My Throat my Soul is hoarſe;
My Heart is wither'd like a Ground
Which thou doſt curſe.
My Thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all Pity flows.
Mothers are kind, becauſe thou art,
And doſt diſpoſe
To them a part:
Their Infants them, and they ſeek thee
More free.

Bowels

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my Soul, Love of my mind,
Bow down thine Ear!
Let not the Wind
Scatter my Words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my Sorrows round!
Mark well my Furnace! O what Flames,
What Heats abound!
What Griefs, what Shames!
Conſider, Lord; Lord, bow thine Ear,
And hear!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
Thy dying Head upon the Tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear! *Shall he that made the Ear*
Not hear?

Behold, thy Duſt doth ſtir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of Duſt, wherein each Crumb
Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the Reins
Upon the Horſe?
Is all lockt? Hath a Sinner's Plea
No Key?

Indeed

Indeed the World's thy Book,
Where all things have their Leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek Look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy Board is full, yet humble Guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing; thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain.
In bitter Grief: Yet am I stil'd
Thy Child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy Throne,
Not to relieve? How can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were Sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both Sin is dead,
And all thy Promises live and bide:
That wants his Head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy Bosom pour my Tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a Tongue.
Thy Beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My

My Love my ſweetneſs hear, hear!
By theſe thy Feet, at which my Heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy Dart,
And heal my troubled Breaſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ *The Bag.*

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though Winds and Waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the Boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his Art:
Well may he cloſe his Eyes, but not his Heart.

Haſt thou heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange Story.
The God of Power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick Robes of Glory,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The Stars his tire of Light and Rings obtain'd,
The Cloud his Bow, the Fire his Spear,
The Sky his azure Mantle gain'd.
And when they askt what he would wear;
He ſmil'd, and ſaid as he did go,
He had new Clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as Travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did indure to cancel Sin:
And having given the reſt before,
Here he gave up his Life to pay our Score.

But

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a Spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor Man, nor Arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the Blow upon his Side,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his Brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no Bag, but here is room)
Unto my Father's Hands and Sight
(Believe me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall mind what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my Heart.

Or if hereafter any of my Friends
Will uſe me in this kind, the Door
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark Deſpair, away.

¶ *The Jews.*

POor Nation, whoſe ſweet Sap and Juice
Our Cyens have purloin'd, and left you dry:
Whoſe Streams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in Baptiſm, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a Debtor;
And now by keeping loſe the Letter:

O that my Prayers! mine alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a Trumpet ſound:
At which the Church falling upon her Face
Should cry ſo loud, until the Trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your ſweet Sap might come again!

¶ *The*

¶ *The Collar.*

I Struck the Board, and cry'd, no more;
I will abroad.
What ſhall I ever Sigh and Pine?
My Lines and Life are free; free as the Road,
Looſe as the Wind, as large as Store.
Shall I be ſtill in Suit?
Have I no Harveſt, but a Thorn
To let me Blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial Fruit?
Sure there was Wine,
Before my Sighs did dry it: There was Corn,
Before my Tears did drown it.
Is the Year only loſt to me?
Have I no Bays to crown it?
No Flowers, no Garlands gay? all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my Heart: but there is Fruit,
And thou haſt Hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown Age
On double Pleaſures: Leave thy cold Diſpute
Of what is fit, and not forſake thy Cage,
Thy Rope of Sands,
Which petty Thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good Cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
While thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad,
Call in thy Death's-head there: Ty up thy Fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methoughts I heard one calling, *Child*;
And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

The

¶ *The Glimpſe.*

WHither away Delight?
Thou cam'ſt but now; wilt thou ſo ſoon depart,
And give me up to Night?
For many Weeks of ling'ring pain and ſmart
But one half hour of comfort for my Heart?

Methinks delight ſhould have
More Skill in Muſick, and keep better Time.
Wert thou a Wind or Wave,
They quickly go and come with leſſer Crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy ſhort abode and ſtay
Feeds not, but adds to the deſire of Meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they ſay)
A Neighbour ſpring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the Springs acceſs grew much more great.

In hope of thee my Heart
Pickt here and there a Crumb, and would not die;
But conſtant to his part,
When as my Fears foretold this, did reply,
A ſlender Thread a gentle Gueſt will ty.

Yet if the Heart that wept
Muſt let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the ſtock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to ſpin,
The Wheel ſhall go, ſo that thy ſtay be ſhort.
Thou know'ſt how Grief and Sin
Diſturb the work. O make me not their ſport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

¶ *Aſſu-*

¶ *Assurance.*

O Spiteful bitter Thought!
Bitterly spiteful Thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a Torture? Is such Poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When Wit contrives to meet with thee;
No such rank Poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes: But that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or near it;
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could Poyson, if it had a Tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the Door
To cold Despairs and gnawing Pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise Devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy Purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the Hope and Comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a Word,
Not half a Letter to oppose
What is objected by my Foes.

But thou art my Desert;
And in this League, which now my Foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine: As when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my Hand, while I did write.

Where-

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy Truth and I: But while Rocks ſtand,
And Rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both Rocks and all Things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my Rock and Tower,
And make their Ruin praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh Thought go on,
Spin out thy Thread, and make thereof a Coat
To hide thy ſhame: For thou haſt caſt a Bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy Throat.
What for it ſelf Love once began,
Now Love and Truth will end in Man.

¶ *The Call.*

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a Feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strenghth, as makes his Gueſt.

Come my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

¶ *Claſping*

¶ *Claſping of Hands.*

LOrd, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: And thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine.
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in Death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! Still make me thine!
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

¶ *Praiſe.*

LOrd, I will mean and ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Thy Praiſe alone.
My buſy Heart ſhall ſpin it all my days:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a Sigh or Groan,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When

When thou doſt favour any Action,
It runs, it flies;
All Things concur to give it a Perfection,
That which had but two Legs before, (riſe
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one Wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou doſt on Buſineſs blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the Teams of *Albion* in a row
Can heal or draw it out of Door.
Legs are but Stumps, and *Pharaoh*'s Wheels but Logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of Things do thee imploy
In ruling all
This ſpacious Globe: Angels muſt have their Joy,
Devils their Rod, the Sea his Shore,
The Winds their ſtint; and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my Call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle Tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to Heav'n, they found a Bottle there
(As we have Boxes for the Poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a Drop
From thy right Eye,
(Which there did hang like Streamers near the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody Battel which thou once didſt try)
The Glaſs was full and more.

Where-

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other Hearts convert,
And ſo take up at Uſe good ſtore;
That to thy Chests there might be coming in
Both all my Praiſe, and more!

¶ *Joſeph*'s Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a Bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its Note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one Grief and Smart
Among my many had his full Career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my Heart,
And both would run until they found a Bier
To fetch the Body; both being due to Grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the Race, and given to Anguiſh
One of Joy's Coats, ticing it with Relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his Power, who once did bring
My *Joys* to *weep*, and now my *Griefs* to *ſing*,

¶ *The Pulley.*

WHen God at firſt made Man,
Having a Glaſs of Bleſſing ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the World's Riches, which diſperſed ly,
Contract into a Span.

So

So Strength first made away:
Then Beauty flow'd, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his Treasure
Rest in the Bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this Jewel also on my Creature,
He would adore my Gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should Losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining Restlesness:
Let him be Rich and Weary, that at least,
If Goodness lead him not, yet Wearinesss
May toss him to my Breast.

¶ *The Priesthood.*

BLest Order, which in Power dost so excel,
That with th'one Hand thou liftest to the Sky,
And with the other throwest down to Hell
In thy just Censures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my Lay-sword
For that of the holy Word.

But thou art Fire, sacred and hallow'd Fire;
And I but Earth and Clay: Should I presume
To wear thy Habit, the severe attire
My slender Compositions might consume.
I am both Foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning Hand
And force of Fire, what curious Things are made
Of wretched Earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That Earth is fitteſt by the Fire and Trade
Of skilful Artiſts, for the Boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
Come from the Earth, from whence thoſe Veſſels come,
So that at once both Feeder, Diſh, and Meat,
Have one beginning and one final Sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If Earth in Earth delight.

But th' Holy Men of God ſuch Veſſels are,
As ſerve him up, who all the World commands;
When God vouchſafeth to become our Fare,
Their Hands convey him, who conveys their Hands;
O what pure Things, moſt pure muſt thoſe Things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my Hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th' old Sins and new Doctrines of our Land.
Only, ſince God doth often Veſſels make
Of lowly Matter for high Uſes meet,
I throw me at his Feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean Stuff whereon to ſhow his Skill:
Then is my Time. The diſtance of the Meek
Doth flatter Power. Leſt Good come ſhort of Ill
In praiſing might, the Poor do by Submiſſion,
What Pride by Oppoſition.

¶ *The Search.*

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My Searches are my daily Bread;
Yet never prove.

My Knees pierce th' Earth, mine Eyes the Sky:
And yet the Sphere
And Centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how Herbs below
Grow green and gay:
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how Stars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having Keys unto thy Love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a Sigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in Pain,
Wing'd like an Arrow: But my Scout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having ſtore)
Into a Groan,
Becauſe the Search was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new Fabrick mold
Which Favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their Sins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What Covert dare eclipſe thy Face?
Is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather Braſs,
Or Steel, or Mountains be thy Ring,
And I will paſs.

Thy Will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth Thought:
To it all Strength, all Subtilties
Are Things of nought.

Thy Will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and Weſt touch, the Poles do kiſs,
And Parallels meet.

Since then my Grief muſt be as large,
As is thy Space,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my Caſe.

O take theſe Bars, theſe Lengths away:
Turn and reſtore me:
Be not Almighty, let me ſay,
Againſt but *for me.*

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What Edge ſo keen,
What Point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy Abſence doth excel
All diſtance known.
So doth my nearneſs bear the Bell;
Making two one.

¶ *Grief.*

O Who will give me Tears? Come all ye Springs,
Dwell in my Head and Eyes: Come Clouds and (Rain:
My Grief hath need of all the watry things,
That Nature hath produc'd. Let every Vein
Suck up a River to ſupply mine Eyes,
My weary weeping Eyes too dry for me,
Unleſs they get new Conduits, new Supplies,
To bear them out, and with my State agree.
What are two ſhallow Fords, two little Spouts
Of a leſs World? The greater is but ſmall,
A narrow Cupboard for my Griefs and Doubts,
Which want Proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough Sorrows; ceaſe, be dumb and mute,
Give up your Feet and running to mine Eyes,
And keep your Meaſures for ſome Lover's Lute,
Whoſe Grief allows him Muſick and a Rhyme:
For mine excludes both Meaſure, Tune and Time.
Alas, my God!

¶ *The Croſs.*

WHat is this ſtrange and uncouth thing!
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint and dy,
Until I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not only I,
But all my Wealth and Family might combine
To ſet thy Honour up, as our Deſign.

And then, when after much delay,
Much wreſtling, many a Combate, this dear end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My Power to ſerve thee; to unbend
All my Abilities, my Deſigns confound,
And lay my Threatnings bleeding on the Ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my Bones,
Another in my Soul (the Memory
What I would do for thee, if once my Groans
Could be allow'd for Harmony)
I am in all a weak diſabled Thing,
Save in the Sight thereof, where Strength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my Will,
Ev'n when my Will doth ſtudy thy Renown:
Thou turn'ſt th' Edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my Hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to Grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my Aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my Bow:
To make my Hopes my Torture, and the Fee
Of all my Woes another Woe,
Is in the midſt of Delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradiſe to be a Weed.

Ah my dear Father, eaſe my Smart!
Theſe Contrarieties cruſh me; theſe croſs Actions
Do wind a Rope about, and cut my Heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy Contradictions
Are properly a Croſs felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done?*

¶ *The Flower.*

How freſh, O Lord, how ſweet and clean
Are thy Returns! Ev'n as the Flow'rs in Spring:
To which, beſides their own Demean,
The late-paſt Froſts, Tributes of Pleaſure bring.
Grief melts away
Like Snow in *May*,
As if there were no ſuch cold thing.

Who would have thought my ſhriv'ld Heart
Could have recover'd Greenneſs? It was gone
Quite under Ground, as Flow'rs depart
To ſee their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard Weather
Dead to the World, keep Houſe unknown.

Theſe are thy Wonders, Lord of Power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heav'n in an Hour;
Making a chiming of a Paſſing-Bell.
We ſay amiſs,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we would ſpell.

O that I once paſt changing were,
Faſt in thy Paradiſe, where no Flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I ſhot up fair,
Offring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my Flower
Want a Spring-ſhower,
My Sins and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a ſtraight Line:
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy Anger comes, and I decline:
What Froſt to that? What Pole is not the Zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt Frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in Age I bud again,
After ſo many Deaths I live and write,
I once more ſmell the Dew and Rain,
And reliſh verſing. O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy Tempeſts fell all Night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of Love,
To make us ſee we are but Flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a Garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their Pride.

¶ *Dotage.*

FAlſe glozing Pleaſures, Casks of Happineſs,
Fooliſh Night-fires, Womens and Childrens Chaſes in Arras, gilded Emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, Dreams in a Career,
Embroyder'd Lyes, nothing between two Diſhes;
Theſe are the Pleaſures here.

True earneſt Sorrows, rooted Miſeries,
Anguiſh in Grain, Vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed Griefs, ſolid Calamities,
Plain Demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Touching their Proofs ev'n from the very Bone;
Theſe are the Sorrows here.

But O the Folly of distracted Men,
Who Griefs in earnest, Joys in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute Beasts, a loathsome Den
Before a Court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no Sorrows, but Delights more true
Than Miseries are here!

¶ *The Son.*

LEt Foreign Nations of their Language boast,
What fine Variety each Tongue affords:
I like our Language, as our Men and Coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want Wit, not Words.
How neatly do we give the only Name
To Parents Issue and the Sun's bright Star!
A Son is Light and Fruit; a fruitful Flame
Chasing the Father's Dimness, carry'd far
From the first Man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western Discoveries of Posterity.
So in one word, our Lord's Humility
We turn upon him in a Sense most true:
For what Christ once in Humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

¶ *A true Hymn.*

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown!
My Heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth muttring up and down
With only this, *My Joy, my Life, my Crown!*

Yet

Yet ſlight not theſe few words;
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in Art.
The fineneſs which a Hymn or Pſalm affords,
Is, when the Soul unto the Lines accords.

He who craves all the Mind,
And all the Soul, and Strength, and Time,
If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the Heart be mov'd,
Although the Verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the Want:
As when th' Heart ſays (ſighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Lov'd.*

¶ *The Anſwer.*

MY Comforts drop and melt away like Snow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce Youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like Leaves about me, or like Summer Friends,
Flies of Eſtates and Sunſhine. But to all.
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my Proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young Exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt Bed of Dirt, and means the Sky;
But cooling by the way, grows purſy and ſlow,
And ſettling to a Cloud, doth live and die
In that dark State of Tears: To all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more than I.

¶ *Dialogue-Anthem.*

Christian. *Death.*

Chr. ALas poor Death! where is thy Glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poor Mortal, void of Story!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy Curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. *Let Losers talk, yet thou shalt die;* (worst.
These Arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ *The Water-Course.*

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the Condition of this World is frail,
Where of all Plants, Affliction soonest grow:
If Troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the Pipe and Waters-Course
To serve thy Sins, and furnish thee with store
Of Sov'reign Tears, springing from true Remorse;
That so in Pureness thou may'st him adore,

Who gives to Man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ *Self-*

¶ *Self-Condemnation.*

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chuſing *Barabbas* a Murderer
Before the Lord of Glory;
Look back upon thine own Eſtate,
Call home thine Eye (that buſy Wanderer)
That Choice may be thy Story.

He that doth love, and love amiſs,
This World's Delights before true Chriſtian Joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh Choice:
The World an ancient Murderer is;
Thouſands of Souls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting Voice.

He that hath made a ſorry Wedding
Between his Soul and Gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe Gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath ſold for Money his dear Lord,
And is a *Judas-Few.*

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That Light which Sin and Paſſion
Did before dim and choak,
When once thoſe Snuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto Condemnation,
Without Excuſe or Cloak.

¶ *Bitter-Sweet.*

AH my dear angry Lord!
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my ſowre-ſweet Days
I will lament, and love.

¶ *The Glance.*

WHen firſt thy ſweet and gracious Eye
Vouchſaf'd ev'n in the midſt of Youth and Night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in Sin:
I felt a ſugar'd ſtrange Delight,
Paſſing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my Heart,
And take it in:

Since that time many a bitter Storm
My Soul hath felt, ev'n able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning Harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet original Joy,
Sprung from thine Eye, did work within my Soul,
And ſurging Griefs, when they grew bold, controul,
And got the day.

If thy firſt Glance ſo powerful be,
A Mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What Wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd Love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of Pain,
And one Aſpect of thine ſpend in Delight
More than a thouſand Suns diſburſe in Light
In Heav'n above!

¶ *The*

¶ *The 23 Pſalm.*

THE God of Love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender Graſs,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the Streams that gently paſs:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert,
And bring my Mind in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea, In Death's ſhady black Abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy Rod
To guide, thy ſtaff to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my En'mies ſight;
My Head with Oyl, my Cup with Wine
Runs over Day and Night.

Surely thy ſweet and wond'rous Love
Shall meaſure all my Days:
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my Praiſe.

¶ *Mary*

¶ *Mary Magdalen.*

WHen bleſſed *Mary* wip'd her Saviour's Feet,
(Whoſe Precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her Head:
Shewing his Steps ſhould be the Street,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive Humbleneſs would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd her ſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept ſhe not her Tears for her own Faults,
And not his Feet? Though we could dive
In Tears like Seas, our Sins are pil'd
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear Soul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her Sins did daſh
Ev'n God himſelf: Wherefore ſhe was not loth,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſheth both.

¶ *Aaron.*

HOlineſs on the Head;
Light and Perfections on the Breaſt,
Harmonious Bells below, raiſing the Dead,
To lead them unto Life and Reſt;
Thus are true *Aarons* dreſt.

Profaneneſs in my Head,
Defects and Darkneſs in my Breaſt,
A noiſe of Paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a Place where is no reſt;
Poor Prieſt thus am I dreſt.

Only

Only another Head
I have, another Heart and Breaſt,
Another Muſick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt.
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my only Head,
My alone only Heart and Breaſt,
My only Muſick, ſtriking me e'en dead:
That to the old Man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my Head,
Perfect and light in my dear Breaſt,
My Doctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come People, *Aaron*'s dreſt.

¶ *The Odour.* 2 Cor. 2.

HOw ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound, *My Maſter!*
As Ambergrice leaves a rich Scent
Unto the Taſter:
So doth theſe Words a ſweet Content,
An oriental Fragrancy, *My Maſter.*

With theſe all day I do perfume my Mind,
My Mind ev'n thruſt into them both;
That I might find
What Cordials make this curious Broth,
This Broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats my Mind.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little ſo,
As Fleſh may be:
That theſe two Words might creep and grow
To ſome degree of Spicineſs unto thee!

Then

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking Sweet, mend by Reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my Imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter than before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n in my Unworthineſs pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing;
That Call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This Breathing would with Gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet Things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee,
And ſo this new Commerce and ſweet
Should all my Life employ and buſy me.

¶ *The Foil.*

IF we could ſee below
The Sphere, of Vertue, and each ſhining Grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better Sky, the brighter Place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To ſet off Vertues, Griefs to ſet off ſinning;
Yet in this wretched World we toil,
As if Grief were not foul, nor Vertue winning.

¶ *The Forerunners.*

THE Harbingers are come. See, ſee their Mark.
White is their colour, and behold my Head.
But muſt they have my Brain? muſt they diſpark
Thoſe ſparkling Notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſs turn me to a Clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God.*

Good,

Good Men ye be, to leave me my beſt Room,
Ev'n all my Heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſs not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that ditty;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel ſweet Phraſes, lovely Metaphors:
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Of Stews and Brothels only knew the Doors,
Then did I waſh you with my Tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt, and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting Language, Sugar-cane,
Honey of Roſes, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath ſome fond Lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a Sty?
Fy, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd Coat,
And hurt thy ſelf, and him that ſings the Note.

Let fooliſh Lovers, if they will love Dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloth theire Shame:
Let Folly ſpeak in her own native Tongue.
True Beauty dwells on high: Ours is a Flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous Words ſhould go together.

Yet, if you go, I paſs not; take your way:
For, *thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more imbelliſhment can ſay.
Go Birds of ſpring: Let Winter have his fee;
Let a bleak Paleneſs chalk the Door,
So all within be livelier than before.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Roſe.*

PReſs me not to take more Pleaſure
In this World of ſugar'd lies,
And to uſe a larger Meaſure
Than my ſtrict, yet welcome Size.

Firſt, there is no Pleaſure here:
Colour'd Griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing Woes, that look as clear,
As if they could Beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch Deceits there be,
Such Delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Only take this gentle Roſe,
And therein my Anſwer lies.

What is fairer than a Roſe?
What is ſweeter; yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that Wordlings prize
Be contracted to a Roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this Flower doth judge and ſentence
Worldly Joys to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce Repentance,
And Repentance is a purge.

But

But I Health, not Phyſick chuſe:
Only though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my Anſwer is a Roſe.

¶ *Diſcipline.*

THrow away thy Rod,
Throw away thy Wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle Path.

For my Heart's deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire
To a full Conſent.

Not a Word or Look
I affect to own,
But by Book,
And thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the Throne of Grace.

Then let Wrath remove,
Love will do the Deed:
For with Love
Stony Hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of Foot;
Love's a Man of War,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'ſcape his Bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me:

Throw away thy Rod;
Though Man Frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ *The Invitation.*

COme ye hither, all whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your Coſt and mend your Fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the Feaſt,
God, in whom all Dainties are.

Come ye hither all whom Wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what yo have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before you drink is Blood.

Come ye hither all whom Pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your Sins to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this Cheer,
And on Sin doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all whom Joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your Bounds:
Here is Joy that drowneth quite
Your Delight,
As a Flood the lower Grounds.

Come ye hither all, whoſe Love
Is your Dove,
And exalts you to the Sky:
Here is Love, which having Breath,
Ev'n in Death,
After Death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I ſhall
Still invite, ſtill call to thee:
For it ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
Where is all, there all ſhould be.

¶ *The Banquet.*

WElcome ſweet and ſacred Cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy Neatneſs paſſeth ſight,
Thy Delight,
Paſſeth Tongue to taſte or tell,

O what ſweetneſs from the Bowl
Fills my Soul,
Such as is, and makes Divine!
Is ſome Star (fled from the Sphere)
Melted there,
As we Sugar melt in Wine?

Or hath ſweetneſs in the Bread
Made a Head
To ſubdue the ſmell of Sin,
Flow'rs, and Gums, and Powders giving
All their Living,
Leſt the Enemy ſhould win?

Doubt-

Doubtleſs neither Star nor Flower
Hath the Power
Such a Sweetneſs to impart;
Only God, who gives Perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my Heart.

But as Pomanders and Wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſcented;
God, to ſhew how far his Love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my Birth,
And on Earth
In Delights of each was drown'd;
God took Blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the Ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a Cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte;
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a Wing at laſt.

For with it alone I fly
To the Sky:
Where I wipe mine Eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this Pity
Be my Ditty,
And take up my Lines and Life:
Hearken under pain of Death,
Hands and Breath,
Strive in this, and love the Strife.

¶ *The Posy.*

LET Wits contest,
And with their Words and Posies Windows fill:
Less than the least
Of all thy Mercies, is my Posy still:

This on my Ring,
This by my Picture in my Book I write.
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
Comparisons go play, Wit use thy will:
Less than the least
Of all God's Mercies, is my Posy still.

¶ *A Parody.*

SOuls Joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The Chearfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my Power not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a Damp and Shade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormy Night
Can ſo affict, or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed Light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of Aw
Make Sin appear;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſs clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what Life I have,
While Sin doth rave,
And falſly boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt

O what a deadly Cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That Sin ſays true: But while I grieve,
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve.

¶ *The Elixir.*

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely as a Beaſt,
To run into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt;
And give it his Perfection.

A Man that looks on Glaſs,
On it may ſtay his Eye;
Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſs.
And then the Heav'n ſpy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his Tincture (for thy ſake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A Servant with this Clauſe
Makes Drudgery divine:
Who ſweeps a Room, as for thy Laws,
Makes that and th' Action fine.

This is the famous Stone,
That turneth all to Gold:
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for leſs be told.

¶ *A Wreath.*

A Wreathed Garland of deſerved Praiſe,
Of Praiſe deſerved unto thee I give,
I give to thee who knoweſt all my Ways,
My crooked winding Ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for Life is ſtraight,
Straight as a Line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above Deceit,
Than Deceit ſeems above Simplicity.
Give me Simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy Ways,
Know them and practiſe them; then ſhall I give
For this poor Wreath, give thee a Crown of Praiſe.

¶ *Death.*

DEATH, thou waſt once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but Bones,
The ſad Effect of ſadder Groans:
Thy Mouth was open, but thou could'ſt not ſing.

For we conſider'd thee, as at ſome ſix
Or ten years hence,
After the loſs of Life and Senſe,
Fleſh being turn'd to Duſt, and Bones to Sticks.

We lookt on this ſide of thee, ſhooting ſhort;
Where we did find
The Shells of fledge Souls left behind,
Dry Duſt, which ſheds no Tears, but may extort.

But ſince our Saviour's Death did put ſome Blood
Into thy Face,
Thou art grown fair and full of Grace,
Much in requeſt, much ſought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at Dooms-day;
When Souls ſhall wear their new Aray,
And all thy Bones with Beauty ſhall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as ſleep, and truſt
Half that we have
Unto an honeſt faithful Grave;
Making our Pillows either Down or Duſt.

¶ *Dooms-*

¶ *Dooms-day.*

COme away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the Duſt to riſe,
'Till it ſtir, and rub the Eyes;
While this Member jogs the other,
Each one whiſp'ring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alas, no Muſick feels
But thy Trumpet: Then it kneels,
As peculiar Notes and Strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging Pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay!
Let the Graves make their Confeſſion,
Leſt at length they plead Poſſeſſion:
Fleſhes ſtubbornneſs may have
Read that Leſſon to the Grave.

Come away,
Thy Stock doth ſtray.
Some to Winds their Body lend,
And in them may drown a Friend:
Some in noiſome Vapours grow
To a Plague and publick Woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the World.
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the Muſick ſhall be praiſe.

¶ *Judgment.*

ALmighty Judge, how ſhall poor Wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an Heart of Iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For every Man's peculiar Book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I here tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in Merit ſhall excell.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a Teſtament into thy Hand.
Let that be ſcann'd:
There thou ſhalt find my Faults are thine.

¶ *Heav'n.*

O Who will ſhew me thoſe Delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all Men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the Trees and Leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any Leaves that ſtill abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What Leaves are they? Impart the Matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy Leaves the Echo then of Bliſs?
Echo *Yes.*
Then tell me, What is that ſupreme Delight?
Echo. *Light.*
Light to the Mind: What ſhall the Will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*

But

But are there Cares and Buſineſs with the Pleaſure?
Echo. *Leiſure.*
Light Joy and Leiſure; but ſhall they perſevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ *Love.*

LOve bad me welcome: Yet my Soul drew back,
Guilty of Duſt and Sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me ſweetly queſtioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A Gueſt I anſwer'd worthy to be here:
Love ſaid, you ſhall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my Dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my Hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the Eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them; let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſays Love, who bore the blame?
My Dear then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſays Love, and taſte my Meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

Glory be to God on high, and on Earth
Peace, good Will towards Men.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious Throne
Seest and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt Ant or Atom knows thy Power,
Known alſo to each Minute of an Hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee,
And wrap their Policies in thy Decree,
Complying with thy Counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal Thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth prove
Not the Decrees of Power, but Bands of Love.
Early did'ſt thou ariſe to plant this Vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trim as the Light, ſweet as the laden Boughs
Of *Noah*'s ſhady Vine, chaſt as the Dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy Love.
The Courſe was weſtward, that the Sun might light
As well our Underſtanding as our Sight.
Where th'Ark did reſt, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moſes purſu'd this: But King *Solomon*
Finiſh'd and fixt the old Religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore Croſs and all,
Rending with Earthquakes the Partition-Wall:
Only whereas the Ark in Glory ſhone,
Now with the Croſs, as with a Staff alone,
Religion like a Pilgrim, weſtward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all Doors, ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his Flight,
Liſtens behind him, and allows ſome Light,
'Till all depart: So went the Church her way,
Letting, while one Foot ſtept, the other ſtay
Among the Eaſtern Nations for a time,
'Till both removed to the Weſtern Clime,
To *Egypt* firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Wonders of Anger once, but now of Love.
The ten Commandments there did flouriſh more
Than the ten bitter Plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moſes*, changing th' Hiſtory.
Goſhen was Darkneſs, *Egypt* full of Lights,
Nilus for Monſters brought forth *Iſraelites*.
Such Power hath mighty Baptiſm to produce
For things miſhapen, things of higheſt uſe.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the higheſt Place in all Mens Hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philoſophy was ſet,
Sophiſters taken in a Fiſhers Net.
Plato and *Ariſtotle* were at a loſs,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſt*'s *Croſs*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogiſms into their Den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took Horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both, yet *Egypt* faſter rid,
And ſpent her Period and prefixed Time
Before the other. *Greece* being paſt her Prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, ſubduing thoſe,
Who, that they might ſubdue, made all their Foes.
The Warriour his dear Scars no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yield Chriſt hath the greater Wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his Bliſs,
Who by an Ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.

The great Heart ſtoops, and taketh from the Duſt
A ſad Repentance, not the Spoils of Luſt:
Quitting his Spear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his Members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds Hook grew to a Scepter here,
Giving new Names and Numbers to the Year.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexander*'s Stem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune Mens Hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing Skill in th' one,
Or Strength in th' other, did erect her Throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
As dying things are wont, until it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill Weſtward bending,
And there the Churches Feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve than they:
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place (Face.
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt
Strength levels Grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
Then ſhow'rs Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the *Empire* ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher Victory:
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her State,
And not go leſs than ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantine's Britiſh Line meant this of old,
And did this Myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a Sheet of Paper, which was rent
From Time's great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the fartheſt old Meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame Time and Place,
Both where and when the Church began her Race,

Sin

Sin did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd Weſtward alſo; journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her Peace, and tainting her good Name.
At firſt he got to *Egypt*, and did ſow
Gardens of Gods, which ev'ry Year did grow,
Freſh and fine Deities. They were at great coſt,
Who for a God clearly a Sallet loſt.
Ah, what a thing is Man devoid of Grace,
Adoring Garlick with an humble Face,
Begging his Food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worſhippeth his Meat!
Who makes a Root his God, how low is he,
If God and Man be ſever'd infinitely!
What wretchedneſs can give him any room,
Whoſe Houſe is foul, while he adores his Broom?
None will believe this now, though Money be
In us the ſame tranſplanted Foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt*, ſneaked for a while;
His higheſt was an Ox or Crocodile,
And ſuch poor Game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſs;
And being Craftier much than Goodneſs was,
He left behind him Garriſons of Sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a Garden-bed
Rich Shrines and Oracles he purchaſed:
He grew a Gallant, and would needs foretel
As well what ſhould befal, as what befel.
Nay, he became a Poet, and would ſerve
His Pills of ſublimate in that Conſerve.
The World came both with Hands and Purſes full
To this great Lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious Cheating, brave Deceit,
Where ſome poor Truths were ſhuffled for a Bait,
To credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe,
Who after him ſhould braver Truths diſcloſe.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*; and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the *Roman* Sphere.
Glory was his chief Inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold.
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty Flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the Game,
Diſparking Oracles, and all their Treaſure,
Setting Affliction to encounter Pleaſure;
Yet did a Rogue with hope of Carnal Joy,
Cheat the moſt ſubtil Nations. Who ſo Coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? Yet their Hearts
Are given over, for their curious Arts,
To ſuch *Mahometan* Stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem Prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Only the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious Infidelity.
And this is all the Rock whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one Night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn Writer.
I ſaw him in his Study where he ſate
Buſy in Controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave Aſpect had more of Heav'n than Hell:
Only there was a handſome Picture by,
To which he lent a Corner of his Eye.
As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a Jeſt of Chriſt's three Offices:

The

The rather since his scatter'd Juglings were
United now in one, both Time and Sphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty Deities,
From *Greece* oracular Infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the Liberty of Pleasure,
By free Dispentings of the Churches Treasure.
Then in Memorial of his antient Throne,
He did sirname his Palace *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all Nations,
And make that Name good by their Transmigrations;
From all these Places, but at divers times,
He took fine Vizards to conceal his Crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and Retiredness:
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* Statelines:
And blending these he carry'd all Mens Eyes,
While Truth sate by counting his Victories:
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such Force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary Transmigration.
All post to *Rome*: Princes submit their Necks
Either t' his publick Foot or private Tricks.
It did not fit his Gravity to stir,
Nor his long Journey, nor his Gout and Fur.
Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers:
Who without Spear or Sword, or other Drum,
Than what was in their Tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd did so strangely rule,
That the whole World did seem but the Pope's Mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist:
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two Faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt Looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sin triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon*;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two Thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his Journey from the Eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and Night,
As is the Sun and Moon to Heav'n and Light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
They are Hell's Land-marks, Satan's double Creſt:
They are Sin's Nipples, feeding th' Eaſt and Weſt.
But as in Vice the Copy ſtill exceeds
The Pattern, but not ſo in virtuous Deeds;
So though Sin made his latter Seat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a Debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late Reformation never durſt
Compare with antient Times and purer Years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth Tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry Year decreaſe and fade;
'Till ſuch a Darkneſs do the World invade
At Chriſt's laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch Proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe Diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious World and *Jury* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* Strand.
When height of Malice, and prodigious Luſts,
Impudent ſinning, Witchcrafts, and Diſtruſts
The Marks of future Bane, ſhall fill our Cup
Unto the Brim, and make our Meaſure up;
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her Streams:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her Will,
And all her Kalender of Sins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretel, what Sins next Year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their Times of Goſpel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
By carrying firſt their Gold from them away:
For Gold and Grace did never yet agree:
Religion always ſides with Poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiſs:
We are more Poor, and they more Rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their Quarrel, making Grace
To pay our Debts, and leave our ancient Place
To go to them, while that, which now their Nation
But lends to us, ſhall be our Deſolation.
Yet as the Church ſhall thither Weſtward fly,
So Sin ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:
They have their Period alſo and ſet Times
Both for their vertuous Actions and their Crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Uſher'd the Goſpel ever in Men's Hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church ſhall come, and Sin the Church ſhall ſmother:
That when they have accompliſhed the round, (ther:
And met in th'Eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
Judgment may meet them both & ſearch them round.
Thus do both Lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus alſo Sin and Darkneſs follow ſtill
The Church and Sun with all their Power and Skill.
But as the Sun ſtill goes both Weſt and Eaſt:
So alſo did the Church by going Weſt
Still Eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more near
To Time and Place, where Judgment ſhall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

¶ *L'En-*

¶ *L'Envoy.*

King of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make Wars to ceaſe;
With the other bleſs thy Sheep,
Thee to Love, in thee to Sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy Fold,
Bragging that thy Blood is cold,
That thy Death is alſo dead,
While his Conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy Fleſh hath loſt his Food,
And thy Croſs is common Wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his Breath in ſtore,
Till thy Conqueſt and his Fall
Make his Sighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the Wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

28 SE60

THE SYNAGOGUE: OR, THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, And Private EJACULATIONS.

In Imitation of

Mr. *George Herbert.*

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.

I do esteem't a Folly not the least
To imitate Examples not the best.

The Eighth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Barber*, for JEFFERY WALE, at the *Angel* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard. 1703.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Author.

HE that doth imitate muſt comprehend;
Verſe, *Matter*, *Order*, *Title*, *Spirit*, *Wit*;
For theſe alſo our Church-Poet doth intend,
And he who hath his Imitation writ.
O Glory of the Time! Beſt Engliſh Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. LANGFORD
Of *Grays-Inn*, Counſellor of Law.

Subter-

Subterliminare.

DIC cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.
Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*
Auxiliis multis; quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide; Materiam det gratia, materiæq;
Ingenium cultus induat, arsq; modos.
Non; ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti *talia dicta dabit.*
In templo Herbertus *condendo est gratia totus,*
Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoq; cedite Musæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

A ſtepping Stone to the Threſhold of Mr. Herbert's *Church-Porch.*

WHat Church is this? Chriſt's Church. Who builded it?
Mr. *George Herbert.* Who aſſiſted it?
Many aſſiſted: Who I may not ſay,
So much Contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay Grace gave all; Wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſays, All that is there is mine: But Art
Denies, and ſays, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I eaſily the Right define.
Divide; ſay, Grace the Matter gave, and Wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſur'd, and made fit
Each ſev'ral Piece, and fram'd it altogether.
Nay, by no means: this may not pleaſe them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone,
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The Matter, the Expreſſions, and the Meaſures,
Are equally Arts, Wits, and Graces treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful Queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple, Maſter *Herbert*
Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.
Roman and *Grecian* Muſes all give way:
One *Engliſh* Poem darkens all your day.

The Dedication.

LOrd, my Firſt-fruits ſhould have been ſent to thee;
For thou the Tree,
That bare them, only lenteſt unto me.

But while I had the uſe, the Fruit was mine:
Not ſo divine,
As that I dare preſume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the Ground:
And ſince I found
It bruiſed in the Dirt, nor clean, nor ſound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'ſt how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the beſt,
Accept the reſt.
Thy Pardon and Acceptance maketh bleſt.

The Church-yard.

THou that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the Walk is in the way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his Death's Indentures.

The Church-ſtyle.

SEeſt thou that Style? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after Step, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win celeſtial Prizes:
Humility the courſe begins and ends.
Wouldſt thou in Grace to high Perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy ſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down:
The Hungry he invites with him to Sup,
And clothes the Naked with his Robe and Crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him wouldſt have:
His Labour's loſt if thou thy ſelf can'ſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of Grace,
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps his Place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping,
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The

The Church-gate.

NExt to the Style, ſee where the Gate doth ſtand,
Which turning upon Hooks and Hinges may
Eas'ly be ſhut, or open'd with an Hand.
Yet conſtant to its Centre ſtill doth ſtay,
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

Such muſt the courſe be that to Heaven tends,
He that the Gates of Righteouſneſs would enter,
Muſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
And fix himſelf in God, as in his Centre.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

We never wander, till we loſe our hold
Of him that is our Way, our Light, our Guide:
But, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
If once we fall from him, we go to Ground.

The Church-walls.

NOW view the Walls, the Church is compaſs'd round,
As much for Safety, as for Ornament:
'Tis an Incloſure, and no common Ground;
'Tis God's Free-hold, and but our Tenement.
Tenants at Will, and yet in Tail, we be:
Our Children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no Gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe Illuſions.

God will have all, or none: Allows no ſcope
For Sins Incroachments, or Mens own Intruſions.
Cloſe binding Locks his Laws together faſt:
He that plucks out the firſt, pulls down the laſt.

Either reſolve for all, or elſe for none:
Obedience univerſal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou can'ſt not reach, at leaſt take aim:
He that of purpoſe looks beſide the Mark,
Might as well hood-wink'd Shoot, or in the dark.

The Church.

LAſtly, conſider where the Church doth ſtand,
As near unto the middle as may be;
God in his Service chiefly doth command
Above all other things Sincerity.
Lines drawn from ſide to ſide within a Round,
Not meeting in the Centre, ſhort are found.

Religion muſt not ſide with any thing,
That ſwerves from God, or elſe withdraws from him;
He that a welcome Sacrifice would bring,
Muſt fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A ſacred Temple of the Holy Ghoſt
Each part of Man muſt be, but his Heart moſt.

Hypocriſy in Church is Alchimy,
That caſts a golden Tincture upon Braſs:
There is no Eſſence in it; 'tis a Lye,
Though fairly ſtamp't for truth, it often paſs:
Only the Spirits *Aqua regia* doth
Diſcover it to be but painted Froth.

The

The Church-porch.

NOW, e'er thou paſſeſt further, ſit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou haſt ſeen;
Let due Conſideration either crown,
Or cruſh, thy former Purpoſes. Between
Raſh Undertakings, and firm Reſolutions,
Depends the ſtrength, or weakneſs, of Concluſions.

Trace thy Steps backward in thy Memory:
And firſt reſolve of, what thou heardeſt laſt,
Sincerity; it blots the Hiſtory
Of all religious Actions, and doth blaſt
The comfort of them, when in them God ſees
Nothing but out-ſides of Formalities.

In earneſt be Religious, trifle not;
And rather for God's ſake, than for thine own:
Thou haſt rob'd him, unleſs that he have got,
By giving, if his Glory be not grown
Together with thy good; who ſeeketh more
Himſelf than God, would make his Roof his Floor.

Next to Sincerity, remember ſtill,
Thou muſt reſolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou haſt, thy Mind, thy Will,
Thy Thoughts, thy Words, thy Works. A Nullity
It proves, when God, that ſhould have all, doth find,
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou muſt receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment:
Reſolve that thine Obedience muſt not leave,
Until it reach unto the ſame extent.

For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength;
And meaſure thy Performance to the length:

Then call to mind that Conſtancy muſt knit
Thine Undertakings, and thine Actions faſt:
He that ſets forth tow'rds Heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly Gardland, though an earthly Grave

But he that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrength they

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together.
What Pride puffs up with vain Futility,
Lies open, and expos'd to all ill Weather.
An empty Bubble may fair Colour carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Another's worth; but deal indifferently:
View the Defects of thy Spiritual ſtate,
And others Graces, with impartial Eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thy ſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all Men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy Leſſon now, and this is juſt
The ſum of all. He that deſires to ſee
The Face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed: (ſpeed.
Elſe the more haſte thou mak'ſt, the worſe thou'lt

Church-

Church-Utenſils.

BEtwixt two dang'rous Rocks, Prophaneneſs on
Th'one ſide, on the other Superſtition,
How ſhall I ſail ſecure?
Lord be my Steerſ-man, hold my helm,
And then though Winds with Waves o'erwhelm
My Sails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the Sea
Is ſafe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my Tacklings then, Ill ply mine Oars,
And cry, a Fig for Fear. He that adores
The giddy Multitude
So much, as to deſpiſe my Rhimes;
Becauſe they tune not to the Times;
I wiſh may not intrude
His preſence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love God's Houſe, will like his Houſhold-ſtuff.

The Font.

THE Font, I ſay. Why not? And why not near
To the Church-door? Why not of Stone?
Is not that bleſſed Fountain open'd here,
From whence that Water flows alone,
Which from Sin and Uncleanneſs waſheth clear?

And may not Beggars well contented be
Their firſt Alms at the Door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may ſee
Others within that Bolder make.
Low Places will ſerve Gueſts of low degree.

What?

What? Is he not the Rock, out of whoſe Side
Thoſe Streams of Water-blood run forth?
Th'elect and precious Corner-ſtone well try'd?
Though th'odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and Stone-veſſels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any Form, or Matter; yet, until
The bleſſed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my Hopes you ſhall not kill.

To want a Complement of comlineſs
Some of my Comfort may abate,
And for the preſent make my joy go leſs:
Yet I will hug mine homely ſtate,
And Poverty with Patience richly dreſs.

Regeneration is all in all,
Waſhing, or ſprinkling, but the Sign,
The Seal, and Inſtrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th'other mine,
And my Poſterity's as fœderal.

If temporal Eſtates may be convey'd,
By Covenants on condition,
To Men, and to their Heirs; be not afraid,
My Soul, to reſt upon
The Covenant of Grace by Mercy made.

Do but thy Duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, Faith, Obedience,
When ever practis'd, truly will amount
To an authentick Evidence,
Though th' Deed were antidated at the Font.

The Reading Pue.

HEre my new enter'd Soul doth firſt break Faſt,
Here ſeaſoneth her Infant Taſt,
And at her Mother-nurſe the Churches Duggs
With lab'ring Lips and Tongue ſhe tuggs
For that ſincere Milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal Seed:
Who, that they may unto Perfection grow,
Muſt be content to creep before they go.

They, that would Reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpoſe to obtrude
Some Dictates of their own, inſtead of God's
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay Men current Coin,
Who ſeek the Standard to purloin,
And would reduce all Tryals to their own,
Both Touch-ſtones, Balances, and Weights, alone.

What reaſonable Man would not miſdoubt
Thoſe Comments, that the Text leave out?
And that their main Intent is Alteration,
Who doat ſo much on Variation,
That no ſet Form at all they can endure
To be preſcrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting Bounds and Limits is the way,
If not all waſte, yet common all to lay.

But why ſhould he, that thinks himſelf well grown,
Be diſcontent that ſuch a one,
As knows himſelf an Infant yet, ſhould be
Dandled upon his Mother's Knee,
And Babe-like fed with Milk, till he have got
More Strength and Stomach? Why ſhould not
Nurſlings

Nurſlings in Church, as well as Weanlings, find
Their Food fit for them in their proper kind?

Let them that would build Caſtles in the Air,
Vault thither, without Step or Stair;
Inſtead of Feet to Climb, take Wings to Fly,
And think their Turrets top the Sky.
But let me lay all my Foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs thro' Rocks to lay his Ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take Degrees, *per ſaltum*, though of quick
Diſpath, is but a Truant's trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our Letters well,
Then Syllables, then Words to ſpell;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the Pen
In Hand to write to other Men.
I doubt their Preaching is not always true,
Whoſe way to th' Pulpit's not the Reading Pue.

The Book of Common-Prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' Book? And Common?
Yes. Why not?
The Spirit of Grace,
And Supplication,
Is not left free alone
For Time and Place:
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
With's Heart, that with his Mouth he ſays.

They that in private by themſelves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the ways,

Wherein

Wherein to make
Their Souls moſt intimate Affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
Th' are moſt conceald from other Men.

But, he that unto others leads the way
In publick Pray'r,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To turn their Hearts unto his Tongue, and ſay,
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

Devotion will add Life unto the Letter.
And why ſhould not
That which Authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good the Commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As ſenſe, of all Pray'rs bears the Bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he ſhould do, aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better Light
To guide him in the Night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better Food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring Stomach and Digeſtion good:

And

And if he be amiſs,
This the beſt Phylick is.

The true Panchreſton 'tis for ev'ry Sore,
And Sickneſs, which
The Poor and Rich,
With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An Antidote, as well
As Remedy 'gainſt Hell.

'Tis Heaven in Perſpective; and the Bliſs
Of Glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whil'ſt Faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glaſs of Souls, wherein
All Men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by Nature th' are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better Caſe,
As new adorn'd with Grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of Spiritual Arms,
Wherein doth lie
Th' Artillery
Of Heaven, ready charg'd againſt all Harms,
That might come by the Blows
Of our Infernal Foes.
God's Cabinet of reveal'd Counſel 'tis:
Where Weal and Woe
Are order'd ſo,
That every Man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe Application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
of endleſs Bliſs,
That takes this Chart to ſteer his Voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book can be compar'd
For Excellence;
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that Expreſſion, as too bold,
His Thoughts in Silence ſmother,
Till he find ſuch another.

The Pulpit.

'TIs Dinner-time: And now I look
For a full Meal. God ſend me a good Cook:
This is the Dreſſer-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good Cheer.
I'm ſure the Maſter of the Houſe
Enough to entertain his Gueſts allows:
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But Choice of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me Taſte and Stomack good:
My feeding will diverſify my Food;
'Tis a good Appetite to eat,
And good Digeſtion, that makes good Meat.

The

The beſt Food in it ſelf will be,
Not fed on well, Poiſon, not Food to me.
Let him that ſpeaks look to his words; my Ear
Muſt careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The Bread of Heaven, Angels Food. I fear
No want of Plenty, where I know
The Loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
Where nothing but Forbearance makes
A Famine; where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will; provided that he would
Take nothing to himſelf, but what he ſhould.

Here the ſame Fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
Of all tranſcendent, infinite
In Excellence, and to each Appetite
In fitneſs anſwerable; ſo,
That none needs hence unſatisfied go,
Whoſe Stomach ſerves him unto any thing, (bring.
That Health, Strength, Comfort, or Content can

Yea, dead Men here invited are
Unto the Bread of Life, and whilſt they ſpare
To come and take it, they muſt blame
Themſelves, if they continue ſtill the ſame.
The Body's fed by Food, which it
Aſſimilates, and to it ſelf doth fit:
But, that the Soul may feed, it ſelf muſt be
Transformed to the World, with it agree.

To Milk the ſtrongeſt Men muſt be
As new born Babes, when ever they it ſee,
Deſiring, not deſpiſing it.
For ſtrong Meat Babes muſt ſtay, and ſtrive to fit
Themſelves in time, until they can

Get

Get by degrees (which beſt beſeem a Man)
Experience-exerciſed Senſes, able
Good to diſcern from Evil, Truth from Fable.

Here I will wait then; till I ſee
The Steward reaching out a Meſs for me,
Reſolve I'll take it thankfully,
Whate're it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamin*'s choiſe Meſs,
Five times as much as others, but far leſs;
Yea, if't be but a Basket full of Crumbs,
I'll bleſs the Hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited Gueſt, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, ſit ſtill
And ſee what the Maſter of the Feaſt
Will carve unto me, and account that beſt,
Which he doth chooſe for me, not I
My ſelf deſire: Yea, though I ſhould eſpy
Some fault in th' dreſſing, in the diſhing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the Meat be wholeſome, though
The Sauce ſhall not be toothſome, I'll not go
Empty away and ſtarve my Soul,
To feed my fooliſh Fancy; but controul
My Appetite to dainty things,
Which oft inſtead of Strength, Diſeaſes brings:
But, if my Pulpit-Hopes ſhall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the Reading-Pue again.

The Communion-Table.

HEre ſtands my Banquet ready, the laſt Courſe,
And beſt Proviſion,
That I muſt feed upon,
Till Death my Soul and Body ſhall divorſe,

And

And that I am
Call'd to the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, ſome the Holy Table.
The Name I ſtick not at,
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, ſo that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called ſo.

And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of Touch,
Or Wood, or Metal, what will laſt, or fade;
So Vanity,
And Superſtition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to ſee it found
Of any faſhion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If cloſe it be,
Fixt, open, movable, all one's to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In Uniformity
There's greateſt Decency,
And that which maketh moſt for Union:
But needleſly
To vary, tends to th' breach of Charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart Authority, a Party make
For Faction,
Or ſide, but ſeemingly, in th' Action.

At a Communion I wiſh I might
Have no cauſe to ſuſpect
Any, the leaſt, defect
Of Unity and Peace, either in ſight
Apparently
Or in Mens Hearts concealed ſecretly.

That, which ordained is to make Men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it ſelf appear,
Though but appear, diſtinctly divers. None
Too much can ſee
Of what, when moſt, yet but enough can be.

If others will diſſent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may,
As hath been done alway,
By th' beſt, and moſt, I will my ſelf do ſo;
Of one accord
The Servants ſhould be of one God one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was Gold, or Silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this Body, and this Blood, to us,
Is more
Than to crown Kings,
Or be made Rings,
For ſtar-like Diamonds to glitter in
No precious Stones are meet to match this Bread
Divine.
Spirits of Pearls diſſolved would but dead
This Wine.
This heav'nly Food
Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For

For ſuch ineſtimable Treaſure can
There be
Veſſels too coſtly made by any Man?
Sure he
That knows the Meat
So good to eat,
Would wiſh to ſee it richly ſerved in

Although 'tis true, that Sanctity's not ty'd
To State;
Yet ſure Religion ſhould not be envy'd
The Fate
Of meaner Worth,
To be ſet forth,
As beſt becomes the Service of a King.

A King, unto whoſe Croſs all Kings muſt vail
Their Crowns,
And at his Beck in their full Courſe ſtrike Sail:
Whoſe Frowns,
And Smiles give date
Unto their Fate,
And doom them, either unto Weal, or Woe.

A King, whoſe Will is Juſtice; and whoſe Word
Is Pow'r,
And Wiſdom both. A King, whom to afford
An Hour
Of Service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to ſpeak Eternity of Bliſs.

When ſuch a King offers to come to me,
As Food,
Shall I ſuppoſe his Carriages can be
Too good?

No:

No: Stars to Gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough to be employed ſo.

If I might wiſh then, I would have this Bread,
This Wine,
Veſſel'd in what the Sun might bluſh to ſhed
His ſhine,
When he ſhould ſee:
But, till that be,
I'll reſt contented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

STay. Officers in Church? Take heed; it is
A tender Matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to ſay any thing amiſs,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,
I muſt expect whole Swarms of Waſps to ſting me,
Few, or no Bees, Honey, or Wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted Men;
Others into the Number more would bring,
Than I ſee warrant for: So then,
All that I ſay, 'tis like, will cenſur'd be,
Through Prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If Men cenſure me,
They but my Fellow-ſervants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own Thoughts to declare,
Not to pleaſe Men; and, if I diſpleaſe any,
I will not care, ſo they be of the Many.

The Sexton.

THe Churches Key-keeper opens the Door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the Floor,
Rings Bells, digs Graves, and fills them up again;
All Emblems unto Men,
Openly owning Chriſtianity,
To mark and learn many good Leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the Key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thy ſelf to be
Our Souls Door-keeper, by thy bleſſed Spirit:
The Lock and Key's thy Mercy, not our Merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſin-ſoyl'd Souls from th' Dirt and Duſt
Of every noyſome Luſt,
Brought in by the foul Feet of our Affections,
The Beeſom of Afflictions,
With th' Bleſſing of thy Spirit added to it,
If thou be pleas'd to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing Changes all our Bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have and jarr'd
So long, they're out of Tune, and out of Frame,
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in Frame a-new, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may Chime all in.

Let all our Sins be bury'd in the Grave,
No longer Rant and Rave,
As they have done, to our eternal Shame,
And the Scandal of thy Name.
Let's as Door-keepers in thine Houſe attend,
Rather than th' Throne of Wickedneſs aſcend.

The Clerk.

THe Churches Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the Veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: If his holy Eye
Do any Spot eſpy,
He cannot it endure;
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctify'd
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorify'd.

Pſalms then are always tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Pen-man's Heart:
All Muſick is but Diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without Affection anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as Husks and Shells;
Yet he that knows the Kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth
Some Aromatick Smells,
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt *Judas* like
Through *Mary*'s ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtrike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think well,
Lend us thy helping Hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to our ſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy Command:
So that not we alone, but thou may'ſt ſay
Amen to all our Pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overſeer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none
In their Neceſſity
Shall unprovided be
Of Maint'nance, or Employment; thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs Idleneſs,
Or riotous Exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs Want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own Poverty.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy ſelf, doſt give
To all Men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine Eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our Being:
But there is more than ſeeing
For th' Poor with thee; they are thy ſpecial charge;
To them thou doſt thy Heart and Hand enlarge.

Four ſorts of Poor there are, with whom thou deal'ſt,
Though always differently,
With ſuch indifferency,
That none hath reaſon to complain; thou heal'ſt
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themſelves, thou leav'ſt them to endure
The Pain, 'till th' Pain render them fit for cure.

Some

Some in the World are poor, but rich in Faith:
Their outward Poverty
A plentiful Supply
Of inward Comforts and Contentments hath.
And their Eſtate is bleſt,
In this above the reſt,
It was thy Choice, whil'ſt thou on Earth did'ſt ſtay,
And had'ſt not whereupon thy Head to lay.

Some poor in Spirit in the World are rich,
Although not many ſuch:
And no Man needs to grutch
Their Happineſs; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard Task in Hand,
Nor eas'ly can withſtand
The ſtrong Temptations that attend on Riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to Storms than Ditches.

Some rich in th' World are ſp'ritually poor,
And deſtitute of Grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon Earth; but Heaven's Door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such Camels in at it,
Till they ſell all they have, that Field to buy,
Wherein the true Treaſure doth hidden lye.

Some ſp'ritually poor, and deſtitute
Of Grace in th' World are poor
Begging from Door to Door,
Accurſed both in God's and Man's Repute,
Till by their Miſeries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungring and thirſting after Righteouſneſs,
Whil'ſt they're on Earth, their greateſt Happineſs.

Lord, make me poor in Spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy ſelf,
No want of worldly Pelf

Shall make me diſcontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine Alms are beſt:
But above all the reſt,
Condemn me not unto the Hell of Riches,
Without thy Grace to countercharm the Witches.

The Church-warden.

THe Churches Guardian takes care to keep
Her Buildings always in Repair,
Unwilling that any Decay ſhould creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd,
Nothing diſplac'd
He likes; but moſt doth long and love to ſee
The living Stones order'd as they ſhould be.

Lord, thou not only Super-viſor art
Of all our Works, but in all thoſe,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefeſt part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we ſhould do, unleſs by thee directed:
It proſpers not that's by our ſelves projected.

That which we think our ſelves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worſe:
Reforming of Religion by War
Is th' Chymick Bleſſing of a Curſe.
Great odds it is,
That we ſhall miſs
Of what we looked for: Thine Ends cannot
By any but by thine own Means be got.

'Tis ſtrange we ſo much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others Scorn.
As if our ſelves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us moſt adorn

We purpoſely
Chuſe to lay by,
Such Decency and Order, as did place us
In high'ſt Eſteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy Daughter glorious within,
When cloth'd in Needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their Shame and Sin,
That change her Robe into a Clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to ſtand
Her need in any ſtead, much leſs to be
An Ornament fit for her high Degree?

Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her Breaches;
Clothe all her Enemies with Shame;
All the Deſpight that's done unto her, reaches
To the diſhonour of thy Name.
Make all her Sons
Rich precious Stones,
To ſhine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy Fulneſs, Grace for Grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Miniſter.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any ſiniſter
Intent, us'd ſpecially,
He's purpoſely ordain'd to Miniſter,
In ſacred things, t' another Officer.

At whoſe Appointment, in whoſe ſtead,
He doth what he ſhould do,
In ſome things, not in all: Is led
By Law, and Cuſtom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this ſufficient Authority:

Loves not to vary, when he ſees
No great neceſſity,
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all Humility;
Knowing how highly God Submiſſion prizes,
Pleas'd with Obedience more than Sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'ſt of thy ſelf profeſs
Thou waſt as one that ſerv'd,
And freely chuſeſt to go leſs,
Though none ſo much deſerv'd.
With what Face can we then refuſe to be
Enter'd thy Servants in a low degree?

Thy way to Exaltation
Was by Humility:
But we, proud Generation,
No diff'rence of degree
In holy Orders will allow; nay more,
All holy Orders would turn out of Door.

But if thy Precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly ſerve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If ſtill from both we ſwerve;
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' uſe the Office of a Deacon well.

Which by the Bleſſing of thy Spirit,
Whom thou haſt left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And miniſter to thee,
Though not ſo well as thou may'ſt well expect,
Yet ſo, as thou wilt pleaſed be t' accept.

The Prieſt.

THe Prieſt, I ſay, the Presbyter I mean,
As now a-days he's call'd,

By many Men: But I chuſe to retain
The Name wherewith inſtall'd
He was at firſt in our own Mother-Tongue:
And doing ſo, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Prieſt, I ſay,'s a middle Officer,
Between the Biſhop and
The Deacon, as a middle Officer,
Which in the Church doth ſtand,
Between God and the People, ready preſt
In the behalf of both to do his beſt.

From him to them offers the Promiſes
Of Mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their Faults confeſs,
Their Pray'rs and Praiſes takes,
And offers for them at the Throne of Grace,
Contentedly attending his own Place.

The Word and Sacraments, the Means of Grace,
He duly doth diſpence,
The Flouriſhes of Falſhood to deface,
With Truths clear Evidence;
And Sins uſurped Tyranny Suppreſs,
B' advancing Righteouſneſs, and Holineſs.

The publick Cenſures of the Church he ſees
To Execution brought:
But nothing raſhly of himſelf decrees,
Nor covets to be thought
Wiſer than his Superiors; whom always
He actively, or paſſively obeys.
Lord Jeſus, thou the Mediator art
Of the New Teſtament,
And fully did'ſt perform thy double part
Of God and Man when ſent.

To reconcile the World, and to attone
'Twixt it and Heaven, of two making one.
Yea, after the Order of *Melchiſedeck*,
Thou art a Prieſt for ever.
With perfect Righteouſneſs thy ſelf do'ſt deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy ſelf make all thy Prieſts on Earth,
Bleſs'd Fathers to thy Sons of th' ſecond Birth.
Thou cam'ſt to do the Will of him that ſent thee,
And didſt his honour ſeek,
More than thine own: Well may it then repent thee,
Being thy ſelf ſo meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of Sons, that ſeek their Fathers to diſgrace.
Lord, grant that the Abuſe may be reform'd,
Before it Ruin bring
Upon thy poor deſpiſed Church, transform'd
As if't were no ſuch thing:
Thou that the God of Order art, and Peace,
Make curs'd Confuſion and Contention ceaſe.

The Biſhop.

THe Biſhop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To ſay the Overſeer is the ſame
In Subſtance, and no hurt, I hope, to it:
But ſure if Men did not deſpiſe the thing,
Such Scorn upon the Name they would not fling.
Some Prieſts, ſome Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overſeer of his ſev'ral Cure,
But one Superior, to overſee
Them altogether, they will not endure;
This the main diff'rence is, that I can ſee,
Biſhops they would not have, but they would be.
But who can ſhew of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Biſhops were:

Though

Though Biſhops without Presbyteries many,
At firſt muſt needs be, almoſt every where?
That Presbyters from Biſhops firſt aroſe,
T' aſſiſt them, 's probable, not theſe from thoſe.

However, a true Biſhop I eſteem
The higheſt Officer the Church on Earth
Can have, as proper to it ſelf, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect Birth.
If conſtituted ſo at firſt, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards diſclaimed.

All Order firſt from Unity ariſeth,
And th' Eſſence of it is Subordination:
Whoever this contemns, and that deſpiſeth,
May talk of, but intends not, Reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T' aſcribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are diſtinct,
And ſeveral Duties, ſeverally belong
To ſeveral Perſons, can no more be linkt
In altogether, than amidſt the Throng
Of rude unruly Paſſions, in the Heart,
Reaſon can ſee to act her Sovereign part.

But a good Biſhop, as a tender Father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd
And rev'renc'd by it, ſo much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than puniſh any when they go aſtray.

Lord, thou the Biſhop, and chief Shepherd art
Of all that Flock, which thou haſt purchaſed
With thine own Blood; to them thou doſt impart
The Benefits which thou haſt merited,
Teaching and ruling by thy bleſſed Spirit,
Their Souls in Grace till Glory they inherit:

The Stars which thou doſt hold in thy right Hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy Will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our new Politicks,
Provoke thee to remove our Candleſticks;

But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of Praiſe t' adorn thy holy Ones:
Light and Perfection let all Men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious Stones,
Of whom thou wilt make a Foundation,
To raiſe thy new *Hieruſalem* upon.

And at the Brightneſs of its riſing let
All Nations with thy People ſhout for Joy:
Salvation for Walls and Bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole World thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of Time, Eternity in brief,
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-Pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding Ages,
Sublimate Graces, antidated Glories,
The Cream of Holineſs,
The Inventories
Of future Bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of Celeſtial Stories,
Spirits of Joys, the Reliſhes and Cloſes
Of Angels Muſick, Pearls diſſolved, Roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd Honey-Combs, Delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The Marriage-Rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

Uſher

Uſher eſpouſed Souls to bridal Nights,
Gilded Sun-beams, refined Elixars,
And Quinteſſential Extracts of Stars:
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profeſs
That he loves God, or Heaven, or Happineſs.

The Sabbath, Or Lord's Day.

HAil
Holy
King of Days,
The Emperor,
Or Univerſal
Monarch of time, the weeks
Perpetual Dictator.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of Art,
To blazon fully
And I thy Light eclipſe,
When I moſt ſtrive to raiſe (thee.
What
Nothing
Elſe can be
Thou only art
Th' extracted Spirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antedated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This Body ſo,
That my Soul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to ſix days owe.

Vail
Wholly
To thy Praiſe
For evermore
Muſt the Rehearſal
Of all that honour ſeeks,
Under the worlds Creator.
My
Duty
Yet muſt needs
Yield thee mine Heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of Souls, not Lips
Alone are fit to praiſe thee.
That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the ſtart,
And doth inherit
That Immortality
Which Sin anticipated.

The Annunciation, or Lady Day.

UNto the Muſick of the Spheres
Let Men, and Angels, join in Conſort theirs.
So great a Meſſenger
From Heaven to Earth
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attir'd in ſo much Glory,
A Meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more Mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any Story:
This by a double Right, if any, may
Be truly ſtil'd the World's Birth-day.

The making of the World ne're coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraight way,
So as he ſaw it good:
But e're that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood;
His Wiſdom with his Mercy for Man's ſake,
Againſt his Juſtice part did take.

And the Reſult was this days News,
Able the Meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No Man, yet in her Womb

A Son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high Place in his Favour she possessed,
Being among all Women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she believ'd, and for eternal Bliss
Rely'd on him, whom she
Her self should bear,
And her own Son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As she had done
Sure their behavior,
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation-day.

The Nativity, or Christmas-day.

UNfold thy Face, unmask thy Ray,
Shine forth bright Sun, double the Day,
Let no malignant misty Fume,
Nor foggy Vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect Sight
This day, which makes us love thy Light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed Object once behold,
Which is both the Circumference,
And Centre of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a Treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose Centre and Circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,

And infinite in each aſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And always, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a Name.
Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy Light into that Hour,
Which was crowned with his Birth,
And made Heaven envy Earth.
Let not this Birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

The Circumciſion, or New-years day.

SOrrow betide my Sins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviour's tender Fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an Eight days Age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The Wrath of Heaven, but his Infant-blood?
Innocent Infant, infinitely Good!

Is this thy welcome to the World, great God!
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the Rod
Of ſin-incenſed Wrath?
Alas, what Pleaſure hath
Thy Father's Juſtice to begin thy Paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antedate thy death? T' indite
Thy Condemnation himſelf, and write
The Copy with thy Blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this Experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt dye?

If Man muſt needs draw Blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to dye?
Didſt thou thus early bleed
For us to ſhew what need

We

We have to haſten unto thee as faſt;
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

'Tis true, we ſhould do ſo; Yet in this Blood
There's ſomething elſe, that muſt be underſtood:
It ſeals thy Covenant,
That ſo we may not want
Witneſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
Made ſubject to the Law, to act our part.

The Sacrament of thy Regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no imitation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native Impurity,
Original Corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy Righteouſneſs is mine.

In holy Baptiſm this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy Loſs and Pain
Do prove my Joy and Gain.
Thy Circumciſion writ thy Death in Blood:
Baptiſm in Water ſeals my Livelihood.

O bleſſed Change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
That Blood was Water, and this Water's Blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompence thy Pain?
Lord take revenge upon me for this ſmart:
To quit thy Fore-skin, circumciſe my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

GReat, without controverſy great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The Myſtery of Godlineſs,
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God

God in the Fleſh is manifeſt,
And that which hath for ever been
Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
Th' eternal Deity new dreſt.

Angels to Shepherds brought the News:
And wiſe Men guided by a Star,
To ſeek the Sun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

The Stable and the Manger hide
His Glory from his own: But theſe.
Though Strangers, his reſplendent Rays
Of Majeſty Divine have ſpy'd.

Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrh, they give;
And worſhipping him plainly ſhow,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whoſe free Gift it is they live.

Though cløuded in a Vail of Fleſh,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
Melting cold Cares and frofty Fears,
And making Joys ſpring up afreſh.

O that his Light and Influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale and elevate me hence:

That, as my Calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others ſhine:
And guide them to that Sun divine:
Whoſe day-light never ſhall expire.

The Paſſion, or Good-Friday.

THis Day my Saviour dy'd; And do I live?
What hath not Sorrow ſlain me yet?
Did the Immortal God vouchſafe to give

His

His Life for mine, and do I ſet
More by my wretched Life, than he by his,
So full of Glory, and of Bliſs?

Did his free Mercy, and meer Love to me,
Make him forſake his glorious Throne,
And mount a Croſs, the Stage of Infamy,
That ſo he might not die alone,
But dying ſuffer more through Grief and Shame,
Than mortal Men have pow'r to name?

And can Ingratitude ſo far prevail,
To keep me Living ſtill? Alas!
Methinks ſome Thorn out of his Crown, ſome Nail,
At leaſt his Spear, might pierce, and paſs
Thorow, and thorow, till it reviv'd mine heart;
As the right Death-deſerving part.

And doth he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
Would he lay down a Price ſo great,
And not look that his Purchaſes ſhould grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His juſt deſire? O no, it cannot be:
His Death muſt needs be death to me.

My Life's not mine, but his: For he did dye
That I might live; yet died ſo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the Gates of Death muſt go
To live with him; yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his Death to bear.

Die then, dull Soul, and if thou canſt not die,
Diſſolve thy ſelf into a Sea
Of living Tears, whoſe Streams may ne'er go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all Joys, but thoſe alone,
Which Sorrow claimeth for its own.

For Sorrow hath its Joys; and I am glad

That

That I would grieve, if I do not:
But if I neither could, nor would, be ſad,
And ſorrowful, this Day, my Lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a Grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No Grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater Grief than can be told:
And like my Grief for him no Grief ſhould be,
If I could grieve ſo, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth ſee,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy Grief and Death for me are mine,
For thou haſt given them unto me:
So my deſires to grieve and dye are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my ſake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
With that, which thou thy ſelf haſt rais'd.

The Reſurrection, or Eaſter-day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why doſt thou ſtay,
Dull Soul? Behold the Door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee riſe,
Whoſe Pow'r hath vanquiſh't all thine Enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whil'ſt in the Grave thou ly'ſt:
He that doth give
Thee Life, would have thee Prize't
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
Thou can'ſt not make the Fruits of it appear.

Is Rottenneſs,
And Duſt ſo pleaſant to thee,
That Happineſs,

And

And Heaven, cannot woe thee,
To ſhake thy Sackles off, and leave behind thee
Thoſe fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?
In vain thou ſay'ſt,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ſt,
To ſhew, by thy Behaviour,
That thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
Like him, how can'ſt thou ſay his Light is thine?
Early he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy Foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou Sluggard-lik turn in thy Bed.
Till Noon-ſun-beams draw up thy drowſy Head?
Open thine Eyes,
Sin-ſeized Soul, and ſee
What Cobweb-ties
They are, that tramel thee;
Not Profits, Pleaſures, Honours, as thou thinkeſt;
But Loſs, Pain, Shame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.
All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With his Heart's Blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
Where he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

The Aſcenſion, or Holy Thurſday.

MOunt, mount, my Son, and climb, or rather fly
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended:
And he muſt be attended

Both

Both in his Conqueſt and his Triumph too.
His Glories ſtrongly woe
His Graces to them, and will not appear
In their full Luſtre, until both be there.

Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his Throne
All his Redeemed may Attendants be,
Robbed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are 'lone Men, they ſay;
And doſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on Earth, whil'ſt thy King reigns in Heaven,
Yet not be of thy Happineſs bereaven?

Nothing that thou canſt think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou can'ſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And above all the reſt,
Thy Life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.
O grovel then no longer here on Earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But towr, my Soul, and ſoar above the Skies,
Where thy true Treaſure lies.
Though with Corruption, and Mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy flight Thoughts, and ſprightly Wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou can'ſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in Deed, yet in deſire.

Whitſunday.

NAy ſtartle not to hear the ruſhing Wind,
Wherewith this Place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find
How much thou art miſtaken,

If

If thou think here
Is any cauſe to fear.

See'ſt thou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend Heads
Sit cloven Tongues of Fire?
And as the rumour of that Wonder ſpreads,
The Multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

To hear at once ſo great variety
Of Language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch Words to hear.

Mock not, prophane Deſpiſers of the Spirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All Nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial Throne,
And hath led captive all Captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his Victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of Glory,
This is his Agent here:

To publish to the World that happy Story,
Always, and every where,
This resident
Embassador is sent.

Heavens Legier upon Earth to counter-work
The Mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those Enemies, that lurk
Under Sins gloomy Shade:
That Hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babel's Curse, Confusion, is retriev'd,
Diversity of Tongues
By this Division of the Sp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all Wrongs,
One Faith unites
People of diff'rent Rites.

O let his Entertainment then be such,
As doth him best befit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this,
Reaps the First-fruits of bliss.

Trinity-Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art assist me; for I see
The subject of this days Solemnity
So far excels in worth,
That sooner may
I drain the Sea,
Or drive the Day
With Light away,
Than fully set it forth,
Except you joyn all three to take my part,
And chiefly Grace fill both my Head and Heart.

Stay

Stay buſy Soul, preſume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All Reaſon doth tranſcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghoſt,
Who moſt admireth, magnifieth moſt.

And who moſt magnifies beſt underſtands,
And beſt expreſſeth what the Heads, and Hands,
And Hearts, of all Men living,
When moſt they try
To glorify,
And raiſe on high,
Fall ſhort, and lye
Groveling below: Man's giving
Is but reſtoring by retail with Loſs,
What from his God he firſt receiv'd in groſs.

Faith muſt perform the Office of Invention,
And Elocution ſtruck with Apprehenſion
Of Wonder, ſilence keep.
Not Tongues, but Eyes
Lift to the Skies
In reverend wiſe,
Beſt ſolemnize
This Day, whereof the deep
Myſterious ſubject lies out of the reach
Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave
To ſpeak of what thou never can'ſt conceive
Worthily, as thou ſhouldeſt:
And it ſhall be
Enough for thee,

If

If none but he
Himſelf doth ſee,
Though thou can'ſt not, thou wouldeſt
Make his Praiſe glorious, who is alone
Thrice bleſſed One in Three, and Three in One.

Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine Heart's an homely Place;
But thou can'ſt make Corruption flee,
And fill it with thy Grace.
So furniſhed it will be brave,
And a rich Dwelling thou ſhalt have.

It was thy Lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to Sin ſet ope the Door,
It render'd was by me.
And ſo thy Building was defac'd.
And in thy room another plac'd.

But he uſurps, the Right is thine:
O diſpoſſeſs him Lord!
Do thou but ſay, this Heart is mine,
He's gone at the firſt Word.
Thy Word's thy Will, thy Will's thy Power,
Thy Time is always; now's mine hour:

Now ſay to Sin, depart:
And, *Son give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by ſaying, *Let it be*, didſt make it,
Can'ſt, if thou wilt, by ſaying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

ALas! my Lord is gone,
Oh my woe!

It

It will be mine undoing;
If he go,
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping Spirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſufficient Merits
Shall appear
Before the Throne of Glory
In thy ſtead;
I'll put into thy Story
What I did.
Lift up thine Eyes, ſad Soul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs.
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomneſs
Be not afraid, I'll take
Thy Sins on me,
And all my favour make
To ſhine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
As I have made thee, now I take thee.

Reſolutions and Aſſurance.

LOrd, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my Sin begot
That Queſtion firſt; Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy Blood was ſpilt
To waſh away my Guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beſhrew that not.
'Twas Death's accurſed Plot
To put that Queſtion: Yes, I will
Lord love thee ſtill,
In ſpight of all my Ill.
Then Life, and Love continue ſtill
We ſhall, and will,
My Lord and I, until,
In his Celeſtial Hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not ſo, that I would ſin no more?
Witneſs my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the Score:
My Faults cannot be hid.

What ſhall I do? Make Vows, and break them ſtill?
'Twill be but labour loſt;
My Good cannot prevail againſt mine Ill:
The Bus'neſs will be croſt.

O, ſay not ſo! thou can'ſt not tell what ſtrength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy Vows, and if thou keep the laſt,
Thy God will pardon all that's paſt. (may'ſt
Vow, whilſt thou canſt; while thou canſt vow, thou
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkeſt leaſt.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilſt he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for Grace to keep

Thy

Thy Vows, and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken Vows, and vow again:
Vows made with Tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my Ways,
Lord, ſay, Amen,
And thine be all the Praiſe.

Confuſion.

O! How my Mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a Thought,
That I can find,
But's ravell'd
All to nought.
Short ends of Threds,
And narrow Shreds
Of Liſts,
Knots, ſnarled Ruffs,
Looſe broken Tufts
Of Twiſts,
Are my torn Meditations ragged Clothing,
Which wound, and woven Shape a Sute for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that Thought again.
How can my Soul
But famiſh
With this Food?
Pleaſures full Bowl
Taſts ramiſh,
Taints the Blood.
Profit picks Bones,
And chews on Stones
That choak:
Honour climbs Hills,

Fats not, but fills
With Smoak.
And whilſt my Thoughts are greedy upon theſe,
They paſs by Pearls, and ſtoop to pick up Peaſe.
Such Waſh and Draf is fit for none but Swine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Clothe me a-new, and feed me then a-freſh:
Elſe my Soul dies famiſh'd, and ſtarv'd with Fleſh.

A PARADOX.

The worſe the better.

WElcome mine Health; this Sickneſs makes me well.
Medicines adieu:
When with Diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my Strength; this Weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my Wealth; this Loſs hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll which for you.

Welcome my Credit; this Diſgrace is Glory.
Honours adieu:
When for Renown, and Fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome Content; this Sorrow is my Joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch Griefs as may annoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Health, Strength, and Riches, Credit, and Content,
Are ſpared beſt, ſometimes when they are ſpent:

Sickneſs and Weakneſs, Loſs, Diſgrace, and Sorrow,
Lend moſt ſometimes, when they moſt ſeem to borrow.
Bleſt be the Hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forſaking me relieves.
If in my fall my riſing be thy Will,
Lord, I will ſay, *The worſe the better ſtill.*
I'll ſpeak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy Grace ſupply my want of Wit.
Leave me no Learning that a Man may ſee,
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

AN Houſe I had (an Heart I mean) ſo wide
And full of ſpacious Rooms on every ſide,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no Gain,
Of what I could not uſe, to entertain
Such Gueſts as came: I did; but what befel
Me quickly in that courſe, I ſigh to tell.

A Gueſt I had (alas! I have her ſtill)
A great big-belly'd Gueſt, enough to fill
The vaſt content of Hell, Corruption.
By entertaining her, I loſt my Right
To more than all the World hath now in ſight.
Each Day, each Hour almoſt, ſhe brought forth
Or other baſe-begot Tranſgreſſion. (one

The Charge grew great. I, that had loſt before
All that I had, was forced now to ſcore
For all the Charges of their Maintenance
In Dooms-day Book: whoever knew't would ſay,
The leaſt Sum there was more than I could pay,
When firſt 'twas due, beſides Continuance, (hance.
Which could not chuſe but much the Debt en-

To eaſe me firſt I wiſh'd her to remove:
But ſhe would not. I ſu'd her then above,
And begg'd the Court of Heaven, but in vain,
To caſt her out. No, I could not evade
The Bargain, which ſhe pleaded I had made,
That, whilſt both lived, I ſhould entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her Train.

No help then, but or I muſt dye, or ſhe;
And yet my death of no avail would be:
For one death I had dy'd already then,
When firſt ſhe liv'd in me; and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye
And twiſt them both into a third, which when
It once hath ſeiz'd on, never looſeth Men.

Her Death might be my Life; but her to kill
I, of my ſelf, had neither Power nor Will.
So deſp'rate was my Caſe. Whilſt I delay'd,
My Gueſt ſtill teem'd, my Debts ſtill greater grew;
The leſs I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was diſmaid.

At laſt I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A Friend muſt do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of Life, by dying can
Save Men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many Years ago the Deed was done,
His Heart was pierc'd; out of his Side there ran
Sin's Corroſives, Reſtoratives for Man.

This precious Balm I begg'd, for pities ſake,
At Mercy's Gate: Where Faith alone may take,
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty ſaid, Come, I heard it, and believed;
None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope

Hope waiting upon Faith ſaid inſtantly,
That thenceforth I ſhould live, Corruption die.

And ſo ſhe dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted: She is where ſhe was,
Cleaves faſt unto me ſtill, looks thro' mine Eyes,
Speaks in my Tongue, and muſeth in my Mind,
Works with mine Hands; her Body's left behind,
Although her Soul be gone. My Miſeries
All flow from hence; from hence my Woes ariſe.

I loath my ſelf, becauſe I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No ſhe is my Lot,
Now being dead, that living was my Choice:
And ſtill, though dead, ſhe both conceives and bears
Many Faults daily, and as many Fears:
All which for Vengeance call with a loud Voice,
And drown my Comforts with a deadly Noiſe.

Dead Bodies kept unbury'd quickly ſtink,
And putrify: How can I then but think
Corruption noiſome, even mortify'd?
Tho' ſuch ſhe were before, yet ſuch to me
She ſeemed not. Kind Fools can never ſee,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft falſe intents do hide.

But mortify'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own Secret, Filthineſs unaskt,
To all that underſtand her. That do none,
In whom ſhe lives embraced with Delight:
She firſt of all deprives them of their Sight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And ſhe to them ſeems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd Captive unto Sin,
By the dead part. I am a living Grave,
And a dead Body I within me have.

The worſe part of the better oft doth win:
And when I ſhould have ended, I begin.

The ſcent would choak me, were it not that Grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the Place
With Odours of the Spirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed Spirit,
Although eternal Torments be my Merit,
And of my ſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
And Grace enough being reviv'd, to raiſe me.

Challenge thine own. Let not Intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no State my ſelf, but Tenancy,
And Tenancy at Will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avant!
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe Inmates Flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PEace, Rebel-Thought; doſt thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his Preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the Standers-by
Are but his Spies:
And well he knows, if thou ſhould'ſt it deny,
Thy words were lies.
If others will not, yet I muſt and will,
My ſelf complain.
My God, ev'n now a baſe rebellious Thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that Sin,
And thou might both

Take

Take up my Heart together for your Inn,
And neither lothe
The others Company; a while ſit ſtill,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redreſt.
The Fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confeſt,
I muſt be beat.
And I refuſe not Puniſhment for this,
Though to my Pain:
So I may learn to do no more amiſs,
Nor ſin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then
What I ſhall do.

Lord of my Life, methinks I heard thee ſay,
That Labour's eas'd:
The Fault, that is confeſt, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I ſin again, and wrong thee then,
That do'ſt relent,
And ceaſe thine Anger ſtraight, as ſoon as Men
Do but repent?
No, Rebel-Thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

The Loſs.

THe Match is made
Between my Love and Me:
And therefore glad,
And merry now I'll be.
Come Glory, crown
My Head,
And Pleaſures drown
My Bed

Of Thorns in Down.
Sorrow, be gone;
Delight,
And Joy alone
Befit
My Honey-Moon.
Be packing now,
You cumb'rous Cares and Fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to Sighs and Tears.
Whilſt thus I lay.
As raviſh'd with Delight,
I heard one ſay,
So Fools their Friends requite.
I knew the Voice
My Lord's,
And at the Noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpy'd,
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear,
But none reply'd:
Then to my Grief
I found my Love was gone,
Without Relief,
Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

WHither, Oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my Love, that is ſo tender-hearted,
Forſake the Soul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never ſmarted?

No,

No, ſure my Love is here, if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my Senſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf; he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' Ground;
My Sins his Blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my Life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For in thy Abſence ev'n it ſelf is Hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou be'ſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy Preſence in place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred Art, which thou provideſt
For all them whom thou guideſt,

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me die,
That only unto thee for Life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy Promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who Salvation at thine Hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh!

Oh! ſeek, and find me then; or elſe deny
Thy Truth, thy ſelf. O! thou canſt not lie,
Shew thy ſelf conſtant to thy word draw nigh.
Find me. Lo, here I lie.

The Return.

LO, now my Love appears;
My Tears
Have clear'd mine Eyes: I ſee
'Tis he.
Thanks, bleſſed Lord, thine Abſence was my Hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.
By this I ſee I muſt
Not truſt
My Joys unto my ſelf:
This Shelf
Of too ſecure, and too preſumptuous Pleaſure
Had almoſt ſunk my Ship, and drown'd my Treaſure.
Who would have thought a Joy
So coy
To be offended ſo,
And go
So ſuddenly away? As if enjoying
Full Pleaſure and Contentment were anoying,
Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joys, amongſt other things,
Have Wings,
And watch their Opportunities of Flight,
Converting in a Moment Day to Night.
But, is't enough for me
To be
Inſtructed to be wiſe?
I'll riſe,

And

And read a Lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwels with care.

He that his Joys would keep,
Muſt weep;
And in the brine of Tears,
And Fears,
Muſt pickle them. That Powder will preſerve:
Faith with Repentance is the Soul's Conſerve.

Learn to make much of Care:
A rare
And precious Balſam 'tis
For Bliſs;
Which oft reſides, where Mirth with Sorrow meets:
Heavenly Joys on Earth are Bitter-ſweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noah*'s Flood, as of a Wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures ſay,
The Water did prevail, the Hills were under,
And nothing could be ſeen but Sea.

And yet there are two other Floods ſurpaſs
That Flood as far,
As Heav'n one Star,
Which many Men regard as little, as
The ordinary'ſt Things that are.

The one is Sin, the other is Salvation:
And we muſt need
Confeſs indeed,
That either is an Inundation,
Which doth the Deluge far exceed.

In *Noah*'s Flood he and his Houſhold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load.

Of

Of other Creatures, that were then repriev'd:
All ſafely on the Waters rode.

But, when Sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay even he,
That knew no Sin, could not releaſe my Thrall,
But that he was made Sin for me;

And, when Salvation came, my Saviour's Blood
Drown'd Sin again,
With all its train
Of Evils, overflowing them with good,
With Good that ever ſhall remain.

O, let there be one other Inundation,
Let Grace o'erflow
In my Soul ſo,
That Thankfulneſs may level with Salvation,
And Sorrow Sin may overgrow.

Then will I praiſe my Lord and Saviour ſo,
That Angels ſhall
Admire Man's Fall,
When they ſhall ſee God's greateſt Glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sin.

SIN, I would fain define thee: But thou art
An uncouth Thing:
All that I bring
To ſhew thee fully, ſhews thee but in part.

I call thee the Tranſgreſſion of the Law,
And yet I read,
That Sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence it ſtrength doth draw.

I ſay thou art the Sting of Death. 'Tis true,
And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The Work is done before the Pay be due.
I ſay thou art the Devil's Work; yet he
Should much rather
Call thee Father:
For he had been no Devil but for thee.
What ſhall I call thee then? If Death and Devil,
Right underſtood,
Be Names too good,
I'll ſay thou art the Quinteſſence of Evil.

Travels at Home.

OFt have I wiſh'd a Traveller to be:
Mine Eyes did even itch the Sights to ſee,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occaſion, as the Grave,
That never ſays enough; yet ſtill was croſt,
When Opportunities had promis'd moſt.
At laſt I ſaid, what meaneſt thou, wandering Elf,
To ſtraggle thus? Go travel firſt thy ſelf.
Thy little World can ſhew thee Wonders great;
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious Pieces. Search, and thou ſhalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy Mind
Europe ſupplies, and *Aſia* thy Will,
And *Africk* thy Affections. And if ſtill
Thou liſt to travel further, put thy Senſes
For both the *Indies*. Make no more Pretences,
Of new Diſcoveries, whilſt yet thine own,
And neareſt, little World is ſtill unknown.
Away then with thy Quadrants, Compaſſes,
Globes, Tables, Cards, Maps, and minute Glaſſes.
Lay by thy Journals, and thy Diaries,
Cloſe up thine Annals, and thine Hiſtories.

Study

Study thy ſelf, and read what thou haſt writ
In thine own Book, thy Conſcience. Is it fit
To labour after other Knowledge ſo,
And thine own neareſt, deareſt, ſelf not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
Whilſt oft the Soul pays for the Body's Fare:
Travels at Home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation,
Comes mounted on the Wings of Meditation.
He that doth live at Home and learns to know
God and Himſelf, needeth no further go.

The Journey.

LIfe is a Journey. From our Mothers Wombs,
As Houſes, we ſet out; and in our Tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe.
'Twixt Rocks and Gulfs our narrow Foot-path lies:
Haughty Preſumption and Hell-deep Deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The World with its Inticements ſleek and ſly,
Slabbers our Steps, and makes them ſlippery.
The Fleſh, with its Corruptions, cloggs our Feet,
And burdens us with Loads of Luſts unmeet.
The Devil, where we tread, doth ſpread his Snares,
And with Temptations takes us unawares.
Our Footſteps are our Thoughts, our Words, our Works:
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there Lurks
Envy, Luſt, Avarice, Ambition,
The crooked Turnings to Perdition.
One while we creep among the thorny Brakes
Of worldly Profits; and the Devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce our ſelves with Sorrow
To day, by thinking what might be to Morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of Pleaſure; and we never lin
Dawbing our ſelves with dirty damn'd Delights,
Till ſelf-begotten Pain our Pleaſure frights.

Some-

Sometimes we ſcramble to get up the Banks
Of icy Honour; and we break our Ranks
To ſtep before our Fellows; though, they ſay,
He ſooneſt tireth, that ſtill leads the way.
Sometimes, when others juſtle and provoke us,
We ſtir that Duſt our ſelves, that ſerves to choke us;
And raiſe thoſe Tempeſts of Contention, which
Blow us beſide the way into the Ditch.
Our Minds ſhould be our Guides: But they are blind,
Our Wills out-run our Wits, or lag behind.
Our furious Paſſions, like unbridled Jades,
Hurry us headlong to th'infernal Shades.
If God be not our Guide, our Guard, our Friend,
Eternal Death will be our Journy's end.

Engines.

MEN often find, when Nature's at a ſtand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmoſt ſtrength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out an Hand,
To pierce her Powers with to a full length.
And may not Grace have means enough in ſtore,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: She hath Engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendious Miracles of wonder find,
And yet muſt needs acknowledge to be true;
So far tranſcending all their pow'r and might,
That they ſtand ev'n amazed at the ſight.

Take but three Inſtances; Faith, Hope, and Love.
Souls help'd by the perſpective Glaſs of Faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of Reaſon: Yea the Scripture ſaith,
Ev'n him that is inviſible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

Faith looks into the ſecret Cabinet
Of God's eternal Counſels, and doth ſee
Such Myſteries of Glory there, as ſet
Believing Hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the ſame Image, and appear
So altered, as if themſelves were there.

Faith can raiſe Earth to Heaven, or draw down
Heaven to Earth, make both Extreams to meet
Felicity and Miſery, can crown
Reproach with Honour, ſeaſon Sowre with Sweet.
Nothing's impoſſible to Faith: a Man
May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon Faith can raiſe the Heart
Above it ſelf in expectation
Of what the Soul deſireth for its part!
Then, when its time of tranſmigration
Is delay'd longeſt, yet as patiently
To wait, as if't were anſwer'd by and by.

When Grief unwieldy grows, Hope can abate
The Bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large Circumference of late
A little Centre ſhall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which Giant-like before did ſtrout,
Be able with a Pigmy's pace t'hold out.

Hope can diſperſe the thickeſt Clouds of Night,
That Fear hath overſpread the Soul withal,
And make the darkeſt Shadows ſhine as bright,
As the Sun-beams ſpread on a ſilver Wall.
Sin-ſhaken Souls Hope anchor-like holds ſteady,
When Storm and Tempeſts make them more than (giddy.

Love

Love led by Faith, and fed with Hope, is able
To travel through the World's wide Wilderneſs;
And Burdens ſeeming moſt intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with Chearfulneſs.
To do, or ſuffer, what appears in ſight
Extreamly heavy, Love will make moſt light.

Yea, what by Men is done, or ſuffered,
Either for God, or elſe for one another,
Though in it ſelf it be much blemiſhed
With many Imperfections, which ſmother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it; yet, fall
What will, or can, Love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwiſe,
Or would be both divers, and diſtant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatſoever ſize
Eternity is of, or Happineſs,
Love comprehends it all, be't more, or leſs.

Give me this threefold Cord of Graces then,
Faith, Hope and Love, let them poſſeſs mine Heart,
And gladly I'll reſign to other Men
All I can claim by Nature, or by Art.
To mount a Soul, and make it ſtill ſtand ſtable,
Theſe are alone Engines incomparable.

To

To my Reverend Friend,

THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

SYNAGOGUE.

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your *Synagogue*, before
I knew your Perſon; but now love you more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a Picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred Lyre
To that eternal Quire,
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O Shame to prophane Wits!)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of days.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal Birth:
For they can raiſe ſad Souls above the Earth,

And

And fix them there
Free from the World's Anxieties and Fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry Hour
I read you kills a Sin,
Or let's a Vertue in
To fight againſt it; and the Holy Ghoſt
Supports my Frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy War, taught by your happy Pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor Men
Neglect our Arms,
W'are circumveſted with a World of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And ſtand upon my Guard,
And ſtill conſult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My Vows, and ſay, well fare his, and your heart,
The Fountains of ſuch Sacred Wit and Art,

Iz. Wa.

To

To his Ingenious Friend,

The AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE,

Upon his Additional

Church-Utenſils.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-ſtone's bold
To queſtion the more noble Gold;
As I, at your Command,
Put forth my bluſhing Hand
To try theſe Raptures, ſent to my poor Teſt;
But ſince your Queſtion's, Are they like the reſt?
I ſay they are the beſt:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confeſt.

But, Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a Female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They're like the Father too;
And you like him whoſe ſublime Paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I ſtoop at Stars that ſhine below my Head.

Herbert!

Herbert! whoſe every Strain
Twiſts holy Breaſts with happy Brain
So that who ſtrives to be
As Elegant as he,
Muſt climb Mount *Calv'ry* for *Parnaſſus* Hill,
And in his Saviour's Sides baptize his Quill;
A *Jordan* fit t' inſtill
A Saint-like Style, back'd with an Angel's Skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your Piety ſo much allow
That Structure with theſe Ornaments t'endow,
All good Men will avow,
Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furniſht now.

J. L.

SIR,

SIR,

WHile I read your Lines, methinks I ſpy
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hie-
(rarchy.
What potent Charms are theſe! You have the knack
To make Men young again, and fetch Time back.
I've loſt what was beſtow'd on *Judah*'s Prince,
And am now where I was thrice Five years ſince.
The mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And Times, and all look juſt as they did then.
Rubbiſh and Ruin's vaniſh'd, every where
Order and Comlineſs afreſh appear.
What cannot Poets do? They change with eaſe
The Face of Things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
Yet here's no Fiction neither. We may ſee
The Poet Prophet, his Verſe Hiſtory.

Jan. 1. 1654.

28 SE60

A. S.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LIFE OF Mr. *George Herbert.*

George Herbert was born the third Day of *April*, in the Year of our Redemption, 1593. The Place of his Birth was near to the Town of *Montgomery*, and in that *Caſtle* that did then bear the Name of that Town and County; that *Caſtle* was then a Place of State and Strength, and had been ſucceſſively happy in the Family of the *Herberts*, who had long poſſeſt it: And with it, a plentiful Eſtate, and Hearts as Liberal to their poor Neighbours. A Family, that hath been bleſt with Men of remarkable Wiſdom, and a Willingneſs to ſerve their Country, and indeed, to do good to all Mankind; for which they are Eminent: But alas! this Family did in the late Rebellion ſuffer extremely in their Eſtates; and the Heirs of that *Caſtle* ſaw it laid level with that Earth that was too good to bury thoſe Wretches that were the cauſe of it.

The Father of our *George*, was *Richard Herbert* the Son of *Edward Herbert*, Knight, the Son of *Richard Herbert*, Knight, the Son of the famous Sir *Richard Herbert* of *Colebrook* in the County of *Monmouth*, Banneret, who was the youngeſt Brother of that memorable *William Herbert* Earl of *Pembroke*, that liv'd in the Reign of our King *Edward* the Fourth.

His Mother was *Magdalen Newport*, the youngeſt Daughter of Sir *Richard*, and Siſter to Sir *Francis Newport* of *High Arkall* in the County of *Salop* Knight, and Grand-father of *Francis Newport*, Comptroller of his Majeſty's Houſhold. A Family that for their Loyalty, have ſuffered much in their Eſtates, and ſeen the Ruin of that excellent Structure, where their Anceſtors have long liv'd, and been memorable for their Hoſpitality.

This Mother of *George Herbert* (of whoſe Perſon and Wiſdom, and Vertue, I intend to give a true account in a ſeaſonable place) was the happy Mother of ſeven Sons, and three Daughters, which ſhe would often ſay, was *Job*'s *Number*, and *Job*'s *Diſtribution*; as often bleſs God, that they were neither defective in their Shapes, or in their Reaſon; and very often reprove them that did not praiſe God for ſo great a Bleſſing. I ſhall give the Reader a ſhort account of their Names, and not ſay much of their Fortunes.

Edward the eldeſt was firſt made Knight of the *Bath*, at that glorious time of our late Prince *Henry*'s being inſtall'd Knight of the Garter; and after many years uſeful Travel, and the Attainment of many Languages, he was by King *James* ſent Ambaſſador Reſident to the then *French* King, *Lewis* XIII. There he continued two years; but he could not ſubject himſelf to a Compliance with the Humours of the Duke *de Luines*, who was then the great and powerful Favorite at Court; ſo that upon a Complaint to our King, he was call'd back into *England* in ſome Diſpleaſure; but at his Return he gave ſuch an honourable account of his Employment, and ſo juſtified his Comportment to the Duke, and all the Court, that he was ſuddenly ſent back upon the ſame Embaſſy, from which he return'd in the beginning of the Reign of our good King *Charles* I. who made him firſt Baron of *Caſtle-Iſland*; and not long after of *Cherbery* in the County

County of *Salop*: *He was a Man of great Learning and Reaſon, as appears by his printed Book*, de Veritate; *and by his Hiſtory of the Reign of King* Henry VIII. *and by ſeveral other Tracts.*

The ſecond and third Brothers were *Richard* and *William*, who ventur'd their Lives to purchaſe Honour in the Wars of the *Low Countries*, and died Officers in that Employment. *Charles* was the fourth, and died Fellow of *New-College* in *Oxford*. *Henry* was the ſixth, who became a menial Servant to the Crown in the days of King *James*, and hath continued to be ſo for fifty years; during all which time he hath been Maſter of the Revels; a Place that requires a diligent Wiſdom, with which God hath bleſt him. The ſeventh Son was *Thomas*, who being made Captain of a Ship in that Fleet with which Sir *Robert Manſell* was ſent againſt *Algiers*, did there ſhew a fortunate and true *Engliſh* Valour. Of the three Siſters, I need not ſay more, than that they were all married to Perſons of Worth, and plentiful Fortunes, and liv'd to be Examples of *Vertue*, and to do good in their Generations.

I now come to give my intended account of *George*; who was the fifth of thoſe ſeven Brothers.

George Herbert ſpent much of his Childhood in a ſweet Content under the Eye and Care of his prudent Mother: and the Tuition of a Chaplain or Tutor to him and two of his Brothers in her own Family (for ſhe was then a Widow) where he continued till about the Age of twelve years; and being at that time well inſtructed in the Rules of Grammar, he was not long after commended to the Care of Dr. *Neale*, who was then Dean of *Weſtminſter*; and by him to the care of Mr. *Ireland*, who was then chief Maſter of that School, where the Beauties of his pretty Behaviour and Wit, ſhin'd and became ſo eminent and lovely in this his innocent Age, that he ſeem'd to be marked out for Piety, and to become

the Care of Heaven, and of a particular Angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that School, till he came to be perfect in the learned Languages; and eſpecially in the *Greek* Tongue, in which he after prov'd an excellent Critick.

15 About the Age of Fifteen, he being then a King's Scholar, was elected out of that School for *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, to which place he was tranſplanted about the year 1608. And his prudent Mother well knowing that he might eaſily loſe, or leſſen that Virtue and Innocence which her Advice and Example had planted in his Mind; did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. *Nevil*, who was then Dean of *Canterbury*, and Maſter of that College, to take him into his particular Care, and provide him a Tutor; which he did moſt gladly undertake, for he knew the Excellencies of his Mother, and how to value ſuch a Friendſhip.

This was the Method of his Education, till he was ſetled in *Cambridge*, where we will leave him in his Study, till I have paid my promis'd account of his excellent Mother, and I will endeavour to make it ſhort.

I have told her Birth, her Marriage, and the Number of Children, and have given ſome ſhort account of them: I ſhall next tell the Reader, that her Huſband died when our *George* was about the Age of four years, and that ſhe continued twelve years a Widow: That ſhe then married happily to a noble Gentleman, the Brother and Heir of the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who did highly value both her Perſon and the moſt excellent Endowments of her Mind.

In this time of her Widowhood, ſhe being deſirous to give *Edward* her eldeſt Son, ſuch Advantages of Learning and other Education as might ſuit his Birth and Fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the Service of his Country; did at his being of a fit

Age

Age remove from *Montgomery Caſtle* with him, and ſome of her younger Sons to *Oxford*, and having entred *Edward* into *Queen's-College*, and provided him a fit *Tutor*, ſhe commended him to his Care; yet ſhe continued there with him, and ſtill kept him in a moderate Awe of her ſelf, and ſo much under her own Eye, as to ſee and converſe with him daily; but ſhe managed this Power over him without any ſuch rigid Sourneſs, as might make her Company a Torment to her Child, but with ſuch a Sweetneſs and Compliance with the Recreations and Pleaſures of Youth, as did incline him willingly to ſpend much of his Time in the Company of his dear and careful Mother; which was to her a great Content; for ſhe would often ſay, *That as our Bodies take a Nouriſhment ſutable to the Meat on which we feed; ſo our Souls do as inſenſibly take in Vice by the Example and Converſation with wicked Company.* And would therefore as often ſay, *That Ignorance of Vice was the beſt Preſervation of Vertue, and that the very Knowledge of Wickedneſs was as Tinder to inflame and kindle Sin, and to keep it burning:* For theſe Reaſons ſhe indeared him to her own Company, and continued with him in *Oxford* four years; in which time her *great* and *harmleſs Wit*, her *chearful Gravity*, and her *obliging Behaviour*, gain'd her an acquaintance and friendſhip with moſt of any eminent Worth or Learning that were at that time in or near that Univerſity: And particularly with Mr. *John Donne*, who then came accidentally to that Place, in this time of her being there: It was that *John Donne* who was after *Doctor Donne*, and Dean of St. *Paul's London*, and he at his leaving *Oxford* writ and left there a Character of the Beauties of her Body and Mind; of the firſt, he ſays,

No Spring *nor* Summer-Beauty *has ſuch Grace,*
As I have ſeen in an Autumnal *Face.*

Of the latter he ſays,

In all her Words to every Hearer fit,
You may at Revels, *or at* Council *ſit.*

The reſt of her Character may be read in his printed Poems, in that Elegy which bears the Name of the *Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and ſhe were then paſt the Meridian of Man's Life.

This Amity begun at this time, and place, was not an *Amity* that polluted their Souls; but an *Amity* made up of a Chain of ſutable Inclinations and Vertues; an *Amity*, like that of St. *Chryſoſtom*'s to his dear and vertuous *Olympias*; whom in his Letters he calls his *Saint*: Or an *Amity* indeed more like that of St. *Hierom* to his *Paula*; whoſe Affection to her was ſuch, that he turn'd Poet in his old Age, and then made her *Epitaph*; *wiſhing all his Body were turn'd into Tongues, that he might declare her juſt Praiſes to Poſterity.*----And this *Amity* betwixt her and Mr. *Donne*, was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the 40th year of his Age (which was ſome years before he entred into ſacred Orders) a time when his Neceſſities needed a daily Supply for the ſupport of his Wife, ſeven Children and a Family: And in this time ſhe prov'd one of his moſt bountiful Benefactors; and he as grateful an Acknowledger of it. You may take one Teſtimony for what I have ſaid of theſe two worthy Perſons, from this following *Letter* and *Sonnet*.

Madam,

YOur Favours to me are every where; I uſe them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, *and leave them there; and yet find them at* Micham. *Such Riddles as theſe become things unexpreſſible; and ſuch is your Goodneſs. I was almoſt ſorry to find your Servant here this Day, becauſe I was loth to have any Witneſs of my not coming home laſt Night, and indeed of my coming this Morning: But my not coming was excuſable, becauſe earneſt Buſineſs detain'd me; and my coming this Day, is by the*

the Example of your St. Mary Magdalen, *who roſe early upon* Sunday *to ſeek that which ſhe lov'd moſt, and ſo did I. And from her and my ſelf, I return ſuch Thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good Opinion, that they whom we need moſt, have of us----- by this Meſſenger, and on this good Day, I commit the incloſed* Holy Hymns *and* Sonnets *(which for the Matter, not the Workmanſhip, have yet eſcap'd the Fire) to your Judgment, and to your Protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this incloſed* Sonnet *to uſher them to your happy hand.*

Your unworthieſt Servant,

Micham, *July* 11. 1607.

Unleſs your accepting him,
have mended him,

Jo. DONNE.

To the Lady *Magdalen Herbert*, of St. *Mary Magdalen.*

HER of your Name, whoſe fair Inheritance
Bethina *was, and Jointure* Magdalo:
An active Faith ſo highly did advance,
That ſhe once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Reſurrection; *ſo much Good there is*
Deliver'd of her, that ſome Fathers be
Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
But think thoſe Magdalens *were two or three.*
Increaſe their Number, Lady, *and their Fame:*
To their Devotion, *add your* Innocence:
Take ſo much of th'Example, as of the Name;
The latter half; and in ſome Recompence
That they did harbour Chriſt *himſelf, a Gueſt,*
Harbour theſe Hymns, *to his dear Name addreſt.*

J. D.

These *Hymns* are now loſt to us; but doubtleſs they were ſuch, as they two now ſing in *Heaven*.

There might be more Demonſtrations of the Friendſhip, and the many ſacred Indearments betwixt theſe two excellent Perſons (for I have many of their Letters in my hand) and much more might be ſaid of her great Prudence and Piety: But my Deſign was not to write hers, but the Life of her Son; and therefore I ſhall only tell my Reader, that about that very Day twenty Years that this Letter was dated, and ſent her, I ſaw and heard this Mr. *John Donne* (who was then Dean of St. *Paul*'s) weep, and preach her Funeral Sermon, in the Pariſh-Church of *Chelſey* near *London*, where ſhe now reſts in her quiet Grave, and where we muſt now leave her, and return to her Son *George*, whom we left in his Study in *Cambridge*.

And in *Cambridge* we may find our *George Herbert*'s Behaviour to be ſuch, that we may conclude, he conſecrated the Firſt-fruits of his early Age to Vertue, and a ſerious ſtudy of Learning. And that he did ſo, this following Letter and Sonnet, which were in the firſt Year of his going to *Cambridge* ſent his dear Mother for a New-years Gift, may appear to be ſome Teſtimony.

----- *But I fear the heat of my late* Ague *hath dryed up thoſe Springs, by which Scholars ſay the Muſes uſe to take up their Habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the Vanity of thoſe many Love-Poems, that are daily writ and conſecrated to* Venus; *nor to bewail that ſo few are writ that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my Meaning* (dear Mother) *is in theſe Sonnets to declare my Reſolution to be, That my Poor Abilities in* Poetry *ſhall be all, and ever, conſecrated to God's Glory. And*-----

My

MY God, where is that ancient Heat tow'rds thee,
Wherewith whole ſhowls of Martyrs *once did burn,*
Beſides their other Flames? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus *Livery? only ſerve her turn?*
Why are not Sonnets *made of thee? and Lays*
Upon thine Altar burnt? Cannot thy Love
Heighten a Spirit to ſound out thy Praiſe
As well as any ſhe? Cannot thy Dove
Outſtrip their Cupid *eaſily in flight?*
Or ſince thy Ways are deep, and ſtill the ſame,
Will not a Verſe run ſmooth that bears thy Name?
Why doth that Fire, which by thy power and might,
Each Breaſt does feel, no braver Fewel chuſe (fuſe?
Than that, which one Day, Worms *may chance re-*
Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of Ink; *for, as the Deluge did*
Cover the Earth, ſo doth thy Majeſty:
Each Cloud diſtils thy Praiſe, and doth forbid
Poets *to turn it to another uſe.*
Roſes *and* Lillies *ſpeak thee; and to make*
A pair of Cheeks of them, is thy abuſe.
Why ſhould I Womens Eyes *for Cryſtal take?*
Such poor Invention burns in their low Mind
Whoſe Fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praiſe, and on thee, Lord, ſome Ink *beſtow.*
Open the Bones, and you ſhall nothing find
In the beſt Face *but* filth; *when, Lord, in thee*
The Beauty *lies in the* Diſcovery.

G. H.

This was his Reſolution at the ſending this Letter to his dear Mother; about which time, he was in the 17th Year of his Age; and as he grew older, ſo he grew in Learnig, and more and more in Favour both with God and Man: Inſomuch, that in this Morning of that ſhort day of his Life, he ſeem'd to be mark'd out for Vertue, and to become the Care of Heaven;

for God ſtill kept his Soul in ſo holy a Frame, that he may, and ought to be a Patern of Vertue to all Poſterity; and eſpecially to his Brethren of the Clergy, of which the Reader may expect a more exact Account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a ſtrict Student, becauſe, that he was ſo, there will be many Teſtimonies in the future part of his Life: I ſhall therefore only tell that he was made *Minor Fellow* in the Year 1609. *Batchelor of Art* in the Year 1611. *Major Fellow* of the *College*, *March* 15. 1615. And that in that Year he was
22 alſo made *Maſter of Arts*, he being then in the 22th Year of his Age; during all which time, all, or the greateſt Diverſion from his Study, was the practice of Muſick, in which he became a great Maſter; and of which he would ſay, *That it did relieve his drooping Spirits, compoſe his diſtracted Thoughts, and raiſed his weary Soul ſo far above Earth, that it gave him an earneſt of the Joys of Heaven before he poſſeſt them.* And it may be noted, that from his firſt Entrance into the College, the generous Dr. *Nevil* was a Cheriſher of his Studies, and ſuch a Lover of his Perſon, his Behavior, and the excellent Endowments of his Mind, that he took him often into his own Company; by which he confirm'd his native Gentleneſs; and if during this time he expreſt any Error, it was, that he kept himſelf too much retir'd, and at too great a diſtance with all his Inferiors; and his Cloaths ſeemed to prove, that he put too great a Value on his Parts and Parentage.

This may be ſome account of his Diſpoſition, and
26 of the Employment of his Time, till he was *Maſter of Arts*, which was *An.* 1615. and in the year 1619. he was choſen Orator for the Univerſity. His two precedent Orators were Sir *Robert Nanton*, and Sir *Francis Netherſol*: The firſt was not long after made Secretary of State; and Sir *Francis*, not very long after his being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady

Elizabeth

Elizabeth Queen of *Bohemia*---- In this Place of Orator, our *George Herbert* continued Eight Years; and manag'd it with as becoming and grave a Gaiety, as any had ever before, or since his time. For *He had acquir'd great Learning, and was bleſt with a high Fancy, a civil and ſharp Wit, and with a natural Elegance, both in his Behaviour, his Tongue and his Pen.* Of all which, there might be very many particular Evidences, but I will limit my ſelf to the mention of but Three.

And the firſt notable Occaſion of ſhewing his fitneſs for this Employment of *Orator* was manifeſted in a Letter to King *James*, upon the Ocaſion of his ſending that Univerſity his Book, called *Baſilicon Doron*; and their *Orator* was to acknowledg this great Honour, and return their Gratitude to his Majeſty for ſuch a Condeſcention; at the cloſe of which Letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumq; objiciis, hoſpes?
Unicus eſt nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

This Letter was writ in ſuch excellent Latin, was ſo full of Conceits, and all the Expreſſions were ſo ſuted to the Genius of the King, that he enquired the Orator's Name, and then ask'd *William* Earl of *Pembroke* if he knew him? whoſe Anſwer was, *That he knew him very well; and that he was his Kinſman, but he lov'd him more for his Learning and Vertue, than for that he was of his Name and Family.* At which Anſwer the King ſmil'd, and ask'd the Earl leave, *that he might love him too; for he took him to be the Jewel of that Univerſity.*

The next Occaſion that he had to ſhew his great Abilities was with them, to ſhew alſo his great Affection to that Church in which he received his *Baptiſm*, and of which he profeſt himſelf a Member; and the Occaſion was this: There was one *Andrew Melvin*, a Gentleman of *Scotland*, who was in his own Country poſſeſt with an averſneſs, if not a hatred, of *Church-Government by Biſhops*; and he ſeem'd to have

the

the like averſneſs to our manner of *Publick-Worſhip*, and *Church-Prayers* and *Ceremonies*. This Gentleman had travel'd *France*, and reſided ſo long in *Geneva*, as to have his Opinions the more confirm'd in him by the practice of that Place; from which he return'd into *England* ſome ſhort time before, or immediately after Mr. *Herbert* was made *Orator*. This Mr. *Melvin* was a Man of Learning, and was the Maſter of a great Wit; a Wit full of *Knots* and *Clenches*; a Wit ſharp and ſatyrical; exceeded, I think, by none of that Nation, but their *Buchanan*. At Mr. *Melvin*'s return hither, he writ and ſcattered in Latin many Pieces of his Wit againſt our *Altars*, our *Prayers*, and our *Publick Worſhip* of God; in which Mr. *Herbert* took himſelf to be ſo much concern'd, that as faſt as *Melvin* writ and ſcatter'd them, Mr. *Herbert* writ and ſcatter'd Anſwers, and Reflections of the ſame ſharpneſs upon him and them; I think to the Satisfaction of all uningaged Perſons. But this Mr. *Melvin*, was not only ſo buſy againſt the Church, but at laſt ſo bold with the *King* and *State*, that he rail'd and writ himſelf into the *Tower*; at which time, the Lady *Arabella* was an innocent Priſoner there: And he pleas'd himſelf much in ſending the next day after his Commitment theſe two Verſes to the good Lady; which I will under-write, becauſe they may give the Reader a taſte of his others, which were like theſe.

Cauſa tibi mecum eſt communis, Carceris, Ara;
Bella tibi cauſa eſt, Araque ſacra mihi.

I ſhall not trouble my Reader with an Account of his Enlargement from that Priſon, or his Death, but tell him Mr. *Herbert*'s Verſes were thought ſo worthy to be preſerv'd, that Dr. *Duport*, the Learned Dean of *Peterborough*, hath lately collected, and caus'd them to be printed, as an honourable Memorial of his Friend Mr. *George Herbert*, and the Cauſe he undertook.

And

And in order to my third and last Observation of his great Abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King *James* came very often to hunt at *New-market* and *Royston*; and was almost as often invited to *Cambridge*, where his Entertainment was suted to his pleasant Humor, (with the Comedies of *Albumazer*, *Ignoramus*, &c.) and where Mr. *George Herbert* was to welcome him with *Gratulations*, and the *Applauses* of an *Orator*; which he always perform'd so well, that he still grew more into the King's Favour; insomuch, that he had a particular Appointment to attend His Majesty at *Royston*, where after a Discourse with him, His Majesty declar'd to his Kinsman the Earl of *Pembroke*, *That he found the Orator's Learning and Wisdom, much above his Age or Wit.* The Year following, the King appointed to end his Progress at *Cambridge*, and to stay there certain Days; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all Learning, Sir *Francis Bacon* (Lord *Verulam*) and by the ever memorable and learned Dr. *Andrews* Bishop of *Winchester*, both which did at that time begin a desir'd Friendship with our *Orator.* Upon whom the first put such a Value on his Judgment, that he usually desir'd his Approbation, before he would expose any of his Books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his Friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet *David*'s Psalms into English Verse, he made *George Herbert* his Patron of them, by a publick Dedication of them to him, as the best Judge of *Divine Poetry.* And for the Learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time, there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them Two about *Predestination*, and *Sanctity of Life*; of both which, the *Orator* did not long after send the Bishop some safe and useful *Aphorisms*, in a long Letter written in Greek; which Letter was so remarkable for the Language and Matter, that after the reading of it,

it, the Bishop put into his Bosom; and did often shew it to many Scholars, both of this and foreign Nations; but did always return it back to the Place where he first lodg'd it, and continued it so near his Heart, till the last Day of his Life.

To these I might add the long and entire Friendship betwixt him and Sir *Henry Wotton*, and Dr. *Donne*, but I have promis'd to contract my self, and therefore only add one Testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. *Donne*; namely, that a little before his death, he caused many Seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the Figure of *Christ crucified* on an *Anchor* (the Emblem of Hope) and of which Dr. *Donne* would often say, *Crux mihi Anchora.*------These Seals he gave or sent to most of those Friends on which he put a value; and at Mr. *Herbert*'s death these Verses were found wrapt up with that Seal which was by the Doctor given to him.

When my dear Friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, *and so gave o'er.*

When Winds and Waves rise highest, I am sure,
This Anchor *keeps my* Faith, *That me secure.*

At this time of being *Orator*, he had learnt to understand the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* Tongues very perfectly; hoping that as his Predecessors, so he might in time attain the Place of *Secretary of State*, he being at that time very high in the King's Favour; and not meanly valued and lov'd by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court Nobility: This and the love of a Court-conversation mixt with a laudable Ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from *Cambridge* to attend the King whereso'ever the Court was, who then gave him a *Sine Cure*, which fell into his Majesty's Disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. *Asaph*. It was the same, that Queen *Elizabeth* had formerly given

given to her Favorite Sir *Philip Sidney*; and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty Pound *per Ann.* With this, and his Annuity, and the advantage of his College, and of his *Oratorſhip*, he enjoy'd his gentile Humour for Cloaths, and Court-like Company, and ſeldom look'd towards *Cambridge*, unleſs the King were there, but then he never fail'd; and at other times, left the mannage of his *Orator*'s Place, to his learned Friend Mr. *Herbert Thorndike*, who is now Prebend of *Weſtminſter*.

I may not omit to tell, that he often deſign'd to leave the Univerſity, and decline all Study, which he thought did impair his Health; for he had a Body apt to a *Conſumption*, and to *Fevers*, and other Infirmities which he judged were increas'd by his Studies; for he would often ſay, *He had too thoughtful a Wit; a Wit, like a Penknife in too narrow a Sheath, too ſharp for his Body.* But his Mother would by no means allow him to leave the Univerſity, or to travel; to which, though he inclin'd very much, yet he would by no means ſatisfy his own Deſires at ſo dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful Son to ſo affectionate a Mother; but did always ſubmit to her Wiſdom: And what I have now ſaid, may partly appear in a Copy of Verſes in his printed Poems; 'tis one of thoſe that bears the Title of *Affliction*: And it appears to be a pious Reflection on God's Providence, and ſome Paſſages of his Life, and in which he ſays,

Whereas my Birth and Spirit rather took
The way that takes the Town:
Thou did'ſt betray me to a lingring Book,
And wrapt me in a Gown.
I was intangled in a World of Strife,
Before I had the power to change my Life.
Yet, for I threatned oft the Siege to raiſe,
Not ſimpring all mine Age:

Thou

Thou often did'ſt with Academick *Praiſe*
Melt and diſſolve my Rage;
I took the ſweetned Pill, 'till I came where
I could not go away, nor perſevere.
Yet, leſt perchance, I ſhould too happy be
In my Unhappineſs;
Turning my Purge to Food, thou throweſt me
Into more Sickneſſes.
Thus doth thy Power croſs-bias me, not making
Thine own Gifts good; yet me from my ways taking.
Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my Books will ſhew:
I read, and ſigh, and wiſh I were a Tree,
For then ſure I ſhould grow
To fruit or ſhade; at leaſt, ſome Bird would truſt
Her Houſhold with me, and I would be juſt.
Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In Weakneſs muſt be ſtout:
Well, I will change my Service, and go ſeek
Some other Maſter out:
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not. G. H.

In this time of Mr. *Herbert*'s Attendance and Expectation of ſome good Occaſion to remove from *Cambridge* to Court; God, in whom there is an unſeen Chain of Cauſes, did in a ſhort time put an end to the Lives of two of his moſt obliging and moſt powerful Friends, *Lodowick* Duke of *Richmond*, and *James* Marqueſs of *Hamilton*; and not long after him King *James* died alſo, and with them all Mr. *Herbert*'s Court-hopes: So that he preſently betook himſelf to a Retreat from *London*, to a Friend in *Kent*, where he liv'd very privately, and was ſuch a Lover of Solitarineſs, as was judg'd to impair his Health, more than his Study had done. In this time of Retirement, he had many Conflicts with himſelf, whether

ther he ſhould return to the painted Pleaſures of a Court-Life, or betake himſelf to a Study of Divinity, and enter into ſacred Orders? (to which his dear Mother had often perſuaded him.) Theſe were ſuch Conflicts, as they only can know, that have endur'd them; for ambitious Deſires, and the outward Glory of this World, are not eaſily laid aſide; but at laſt, God inclin'd him to put on a Reſolution to ſerve at his Altar.

He did at his return to *London*, acquaint a Court Friend with his Reſolution to enter into ſacred Orders, who perſuaded him to alter it, as too mean an Employment and too much below his Birth, and the excellent Abilities and Endowments of his Mind. To which he replyed, *It hath been formerly judg'd, that the Domeſtick Servants of the King of Heaven, ſhould be of the nobleſt Families on Earth; and though the Iniquity of the late Times have made Clergy-men meanly valued, and the ſacred Name of* Prieſt *contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by conſecrating all my Learning, and all my poor Abilities, to advance the Glory of that God that gave them; knowing, that I can never do too much for him, that hath done ſo much for me, as to make me a Chriſtian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making Humility lovely in the Eyes of all Men, and by following the merciful and meek Example of my dear* Jeſus.

This was then his Reſolution, and the God of Conſtancy, who intended him for a great Example of Vertue, continued him in it; for within that year he was made Deacon; but the day when, or by whom I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made Deacon, is moſt certain; for I find by the Records of *Lincoln*, that he was made Prebend of *Layton Eccleſia*, in the Dioceſs of *Lincoln*, *July* 15. 1626. and that this Prebend was given him by *John* then Lord Biſhop of that See. And now he had a fit Occaſion to ſhew that Piety and Bounty that was deriv'd from his

his generous Mother, and his other memorable Anceſtors, and the occaſion was this.

This *Layton Eccleſia*, is a Village near to *Spalden* in the County of *Huntington*, and the greateſt part of the Pariſh-Church was fallen down; and that of it which ſtood, was ſo decayed, ſo little, and ſo uſeleſs, that the Pariſhioners could not meet to perform their Duty to God in publick Prayer and Praiſes; and thus it had been for almoſt twenty years, in which time there had been ſome faint Endeavours for a publick Collection, to enable the Pariſhioners to re-build it; but with no ſucceſs till Mr. *Herbert* undertook it; and he, by his own, and the Contribution of many of his Kindred and other noble Friends, undertook the Re-edification of it; and made it ſo much his whole buſineſs, that he became reſtleſs, till he ſaw it finiſht, as it now ſtands; being, for the Workmanſhip, a coſtly *Moſaick*; for the Form, an *exact Croſs*; and for the Decency and Beauty, I am aſſur'd it is the moſt remarkable Pariſh-Church, that this Nation affords. He liv'd to ſee it ſo wainſcoted, as to be exceeded by none; and by his order, the Reading-Pew and Pulpit, were a little diſtant from each other, and both of an equal hight; for he would often ſay, *They ſhould neither have a Precedency or Priority of the other*; *but that* Prayer *and* Preaching *being equally uſeful, might agree like Brethren, and have an equal Honour and Eſtimation.*

Before I proceed farther, I muſt look back to the time of Mr. *Herbert*'s being made Prebend, and tell the Reader, that not long after, his Mother being inform'd of his Intentions to re-build that Church, and apprehending the great Trouble and Charge that he was like to draw upon himſelf, his Relations and Friends, before it could be finiſht; ſent for him from *London* to *Chelſey* (where ſhe then dwelt) and at his coming, ſaid----George, *I ſent for you, to perſuade*

you

you to commit Simony, by giving your Patron as good a Gift as he hath given to you; namely, that you give him back his Prebend; for, George, *it is not for your weak Body, and empty Purse, to undertake to build Churches.* Of which, he desir'd he might have a Days time to consider, and then make her an Answer: And at his return to her at the next Day, when he had first desired her Blessing, and she given it him, his next Request was, *That she would at the Age of thirty three years, allow him to become an* undutiful Son; *for he had made a Vow to God, that if he were able, he would re-build that Church:* And then shew'd her such Reasons for his Resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his Benefactors; and undertook to solicit *William* Earl of *Pembrooke* to become another, who subscribed for 50 *l.* and not long after, by a witty, and persuasive Letter from Mr. *Herbert*, made it 50 *l.* more. And in this Nomination of some of his Benefactors, *James* Duke of *Lenox*, and his Brother Sir *Henry Herbert*, ought to be remembred; as also the Bounty of Mr. *Nicholas Farrer*, and Mr. *Arthur Woodnot*; the one a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of *Layton*, and the other a Gold-smith in *Foster-lane*, *London*, ought not to be forgotten: For the Memory of such Men ought to out-live their Lives. Of Mr. *Farrer*, I shall hereafter give account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. *Arthur Woodnot*.

He was a Man that had consider'd, over-grown Estates do often require more Care and Watchfulness to preserve, than get them; and consider'd that there be many Discontents, that Riches cure not; and did therefore set Limits to himself as to desire of Wealth: And having attain'd so much as to be able to shew some Mercy to the Poor, and preserve a Competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his Life to the Service of God; and being useful for his Friends:

Friends: And he proved ſo to Mr. *Herbert*; for beſides his own Bounty, he collected and return'd moſt of the Money that was paid for the Rebuilding of that Church; he kept all the Account of the Charges, and would often go down to ſtate them, and ſee all the Workmen paid. When I have ſaid, that this good Man was a uſeful Friend to Mr. *Herbert*'s Father, and to his Mother, and continued to be ſo to him, till he clos'd his Eyes on his Death-bed; I will forbear to ſay more, till I have the next fair Occaſion to mention the holy Friendſhip that was betwixt him and Mr. *Herbert*---- From whom Mr. *Woodnot* carried to his Mother this following Letter, and deliver'd it to her in a Sickneſs which was not long before that which prov'd to be her laſt.

A Letter of Mr. George Herbert *to his Mother, in her Sickneſs.*

Madam,

AT my laſt parting from you I was the better content, becauſe I was in hope I ſhould my ſelf carry all Sickneſs out of your Family; but ſince I know I did not, and that your Share continues, or rather increaſeth, I wiſh earneſtly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my Wiſh, but that my Employment does fix me here, being now but a Month to our Commencement: *Wherein, my Abſence by how much it naturally augmenteth Suſpicion, by ſo much ſhall it make my Prayers the more conſtant and the more earneſt for you to the God of all Conſolation----In the mean time I beſeech you to be chearful, and comfort your ſelf in the God of all Comfort, who is not willing to behold any Sorrow but for Sin---What hath Affliction grievous in it more than for a Moment? or why ſhould our Afflictions here have ſo much power or boldneſs as to oppoſe the Hope of our Joys hereafter?* ----Madam! *As the Earth*

is

is but a Point in respect of the Heavens, so are earthly Troubles compar'd to heavenly Joys; therefore, if either Age or Sickness lead you to those Joys, consider what Advantage you have over Youth *and* Health, *who are now so near those true Comforts---- Your last Letter gave me an Earthly Preferment, and kept Heavenly for your self: But wou'd you divide and chuse too? Our College Customs allow not that, and I should account my self most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observ'd the Thred of Life to be like other Threds or Skenes of Silk, full of Snarls and Incumbrances: Happy is he, whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New* Jerusalem---- *For my self,* dear Mother, *I always fear'd Sickness more than Death, because Sickness hath made me unable to perform those Offices for which I came into the World, and must yet be kept in it; but you are free'd from that Fear, who have already abundantly discharg'd that part, having both ordered your Family, and so brought up your Children that they have attain'd to the Years of Discretion, and competent Maintenance--So that now if they do not well, the Fault cannot be charg'd on you; whose Example and Care of them will justify you both to the World and your own Conscience; insomuch, that whether you turn your Thoughts on the Life past, or on the Joys that are to come, you have strong Preservatives against all disquiet---- And for temporal Afflictions! I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either Afflictions of Estate, or Body, or Mind----For those of Estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had Riches we are commanded to give them away? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them---- But perhaps being above the common People, our Credit and Estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid Fashion: ---- But, Oh God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the Blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the Rich, but to the Poor. I never find Blessed be the Rich, or Blessed be the Noble; but* Blessed be the Meek, *and* Blessed be the Poor, *and* Blessed be the Mourners, for they

they ſhall be comforted ---- *And yet, Oh God! moſt carry themſelves ſo, as if they not only not deſir'd, but even fear'd to be Bleſſed---- And for Afflictions of the Body,* dear Madam, *remember the holy Martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by Thouſands, and have endur'd ſuch other Tortures, as the very mention of them might beget Amazement; but their Fiery Trials have had an end: And yours (which praiſed be God are leſs) are not like to continue long----- I beſeech you let ſuch Thoughts as theſe moderate your preſent Fear and Sorrow; and know, that if any of yours ſhould prove a* Goliah-*like Trouble, yet you may ſay with* David,---That God who hath delivered me out of the Paws of the Lyon and Bear, will alſo deliver me out of the Hands of this uncircumciſed *Philiſtin.------Laſtly, for thoſe Afflictions of the Soul, conſider that God intends that to be as a* ſacred Temple *for himſelf to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for ſuch an In-mate as Grief; or allow that any Sadneſs ſhall be this Competitor. And above all, if any Care of future Things moleſt you, remember thoſe admirable words of the Pſalmiſt,* Pſal. 55. Caſt thy care on the Lord and he ſhall nouriſh thee. *To which joyn that of St.* Peter, 1 *Pet.* 5. 7. Caſting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you.----*What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his Shoulder to our Burthen, and entertains our Care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his Service.------To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you,* (Phil. 4. 4.) *St.* Paul *ſaith there,* Rejoyce in the Lord always, and again I ſay rejoyce. *He doubles it to take away the Scruple of thoſe that might ſay, What ſhall we rejoyce in Afflictions? Yes, I ſay again rejoyce; ſo that it is not left to us to rejoyce or not rejoyce; but whatſoever befalls us, we muſt always, at all times rejoyce in the Lord, who taketh care for us: And it follows in the next Verſe;* Let your Moderation appear to all Men, the Lord is at hand; be careful for nothing. *What can be ſaid more comfortably? Trouble not your ſelves, God is at hand*

to

to deliver us from all, or in all.----Dear Madam, *pardon my Boldneſs, and accept the good Meaning of,*

Trin. Col. *May* 29. 1622.

Your muſt obedient Son,

George Herbert.

About the Year 1629. and the 34th of his Age, 34
Mr. *Herbert* was ſeiz'd with a ſharp *Quotidian Ague*, and thought to remove it by the change of the Air; to which end, he went to *Woodford* in *Eſſex*, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the Company of his beloved Brother Sir *Henry Herbert*, and other Friends than of that Family. In his Houſe he remain'd abont twelve Months, and there became his own Phyſitian, and cur'd himſelf of his Ague, by forbearing Drink, and not eating any Meat, no not Mutton, nor a Hen, or Pidgeon, unleſs they were ſalted; and by ſuch a conſtant Diet he remov'd his Ague, but with Inconveniences that were worſe; for he brought upon himſelf a Diſpoſition to Rheums, and other Weakneſſes, and a ſuppoſed Conſumption. And it is to be noted, that in the ſharpeſt of his extream Fits, he would often ſay, *Lord abate my great Affliction, or increaſe my Patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, becauſe thou doſt it.* By which, and a ſanctified Submiſſion to the Will of God, he ſhewed he was inclinable to bear the ſweet Yoke of *Chriſtian Diſcipline*, both then, and in the latter part of his Life, of which there will be many true Teſtimonies.

And now his Care was to recover from his Conſumption by a Change from *Woodford* into ſuch an Air as was moſt proper to that end. And his remove was from *Woodford* to *Damſey* in *Wiltſhire*, a noble Houſe which ſtands in a choice Air, the Owner of it then was the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who lov'd Mr. *Herbert* ſo very much, that he allow'd him ſuch an

an Apartment in it, as might beſt ſute Mr. *Herbert*'s Accommodation and Liking. And in this place, by a *ſpare Diet*, declining all *perplexing Studies*, *moderate Exerciſe*, and a *chearful Converſation*, his Health was apparently improv'd to a good degree of Strength and Chearfulneſs: And then he declared his Reſotion both to marry, and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Prieſthood: Theſe had long been the deſires of his Mother, and his other Relations; but ſhe liv'd not to ſee either, for ſhe died in the Year 1627. And though he was diſobedient to her about *Layton* Church, yet in Conformity to her Will, he kept his Fellowſhip in *Cambridge*, and his Orator's Place, till after her death; and then preſently declin'd both: And the laſt the more willingly, that he might be ſucceeded by his Friend *Robert Creighton*, who was Dr. *Creighton*, and the worthy Biſhop of *Wells*.

I ſhall now proceed to his Marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient, that I firſt give the Reader a ſhort view of his Perſon, and then, an Account of his Wife, and of ſome Circumſtances concerning both---- *He was for his Perſon of a Stature inclining towards Talneſs; his Body was very ſtraight, and ſo far from being cumbred with too much Fleſh, that he was lean to an extremity. His Aſpect was chearful, and his Speech and Motion did both declare him a Gentleman, for they were all ſo meek and obliging, that they purchaſed love and reſpect from all that knew him.*

Theſe, and his other viſible Vertues, begot him ſo much love from a Gentleman of a noble Fortune, and a near Kinſman to his Friend the Earl of *Danby*; namely, from Mr. *Charles Danvers* of *Bainton*, in the County of *Wilts*, Eſq; That Mr. *Danvers* having known him long and familiarly, did ſo much affect him, that he often and publickly declar'd a Deſire that Mr. *Herbert* would marry any of his Nine Daughters (for he had ſo many) but rather his Daughter

Jane

Jane than any other, becauſe *Jane was his beloved Daughter:* And he had often ſaid the ſame to Mr. *Herbert* himſelf; and that if he could like her for a Wife, and ſhe him for a Husband, *Jane* ſhould have a double Bleſſing; and Mr. *Danvers* had ſo often ſaid the like to *Jane*, and ſo much commended Mr. *Herbert* to her, that *Jane* became ſo much a Platonick, as to fall in Love with Mr. *Herbert* unſeen.

This was a fair Preparation for a Marriage; but alas, her Father died before Mr. *Herbert*'s Retirement to *Dantſel*; yet ſome Friends to both Parties procur'd their Meeting; at which time a mutual Affection entred into both their Hearts, as a Conqueror enters into a ſurprized City; and Love having got ſuch Poſſeſſion, govern'd and made there ſuch Laws and Reſolutions, as neither Party was able to reſiſt; inſomuch that ſhe chang'd her Name into *Herbert*, the third Day after this firſt Interview.

This haſte might in others be thought a *Love-frenſy*, or worſe: But it was not; for they had woed ſo like Princes as to have ſelect Proxies; ſuch as were true Friends to both Parties; ſuch as well underſtood Mr. *Herbert*'s and her Temper of Mind; and alſo their Eſtates ſo well before this Interview, that the Suddenneſs was juſtifiable by the ſtricteſt Rules of Prudence: And the more, becauſe it prov'd ſo happy to both Parties; for the eternal Lover of Mankind made them happy in each others mutual and equal Affections and Compliance; indeed ſo happy, that there was never any Oppoſition betwixt them, unleſs it were a Conteſt which ſhould moſt incline to a Compliance with the others Deſires. And though this begot and continued in them ſuch a mutual *Love* and *Joy*, and *Content*, as was no way defective; yet this mutual *Content* and *Love*, and *Joy*, did receive a daily Augmentation, by ſuch daily Obligingneſs to each other, as ſtill added ſuch new Affluences to the

former Fulneſs of theſe divine Souls, as was only improvable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three Months after his Marriage, Dr. *Curle*, who was then Rector of *Bemerton* in *Wiltſhire*, was made Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*, and not long after tranſlated to *Winchester*, and by that means the Preſentation of a Clerk to *Bemerton* did not fall to the Earl of *Pembroke* (who was the undoubted Patron of it) but to the King, by reaſon of Dr. *Curles* Advancement; but *Philip* then Earl of *Pembroke* (for *William* was lately dead) requeſted the King to beſtow it upon his Kinſman *George Herbert*; and the King ſaid, *Moſt willingly to Mr.* Herbert, *if it be worth his Acceptance*: And the Earl as willingly and ſuddenly ſent it him, without ſeeking; but though Mr. *Herbert* had formerly put on a Reſolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this Preſentation, the Apprehenſion of the laſt great Account that he was to make for the Cure of ſo many Souls, made him faſt and pray often, and conſider for not leſs than a Month: In which time he had ſome Reſolutions to decline both the Prieſthood, and that Living. And in this time of conſidering, *He endur'd* (as he would often ſay) *ſuch ſpiritual Conflicts, as none can think, but only thoſe that have endur'd them.*

In the midſt of thoſe Conflicts, his old and dear Friend Mr. *Arthur Woodnot* took a Journy to ſalute him at *Bainton* (where he then was with his Wive's Friends and Relations) and was joyful to be an Eye-witneſs of his Health, and happy Marriage. And after they had rejoyc'd together ſome few days, they took a Journy to *Wilton*, the famous Seat of the Earls of *Pembroke*; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at *Salisbury* which is near to it. And at this time Mr. *Herbert* preſented his Thanks to the Earl for his Preſentation to *Bemerton*, but had not yet reſolv'd to accept it, and told him the reaſon why; but that Night the Earl acquainted

Dr.

Dr. *Laud*, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, with his Kinſman's Irreſolution. And the Biſhop did the next Day ſo convince Mr. *Herbert*, *That the Refuſal of it was a Sin*, that a Taylor was ſent for to come ſpeedily from *Salisbury* to *Wilton*, to take meaſure and make him Canonical Cloaths againſt next Day; which the Taylor did, and Mr. *Herbert* being ſo habited, went with his Preſentation to the learned Dr. *Davenant*, who was then Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and he gave him Inſtitution immediately (for Mr. *Herbert* had been made Deacon ſome Years before) and he was alſo the ſame Day (which was *April* 26. 1630.) inducted into the good, and more pleaſant than healthful Parſonage of *Bemerton*, which is a Mile from *Salisbury*.

'I have now brought him to the Parſonage of *Be-*
'*merton*, and to the 36th Year of his Age, and muſt
'ſtop here, and beſpeak the Reader to prepare for an
'almoſt incredible Story, of the great Sanctity of the
'ſhort remainder of his holy Life; a Life ſo full of
'*Charity*, *Humility*, and all Chriſtian Vertues, that it
'deſerves the Eloquence of St. *Chryſoſtom* to commend
'and declare it! A Life! that if it were related by a
'Pen like his, there would then be no need for this
'Age to look back into times paſt for the Examples
'of primitive Piety; for they might be all found in
'the Life of *George Herbert*. But now, alaſs, who is fit
'to undertake it? I confeſs I am not: And am not
'pleas'd with my ſelf that I muſt; and profeſs my ſelf
'amaz'd, when I conſider how few of the Clergy
'liv'd like him then, and how many live ſo unlike him
'now: But it becomes not me to Cenſure; my De-
'ſign is rather to aſſure the Reader, that I have uſed
'very great diligence to inform my ſelf, that I might
'inform him of the truth of what follows; and
'though I cannot adorn it with Eloquence, yet I
'will do it with Sincerity.

When at his Induction he was ſhut into *Bemerton* Church, being left there alone to toll the Bell, as the Law requires him: He ſtaid ſo much longer than an ordinary time, before he return'd to his Friends that ſtaid expecting him at the Church-door, that his Friend, Mr. *Woodnot*, looked in at the Church-window, and ſaw him lie proſtrate on the Ground before the Altar: At which Time and Place (as he after told Mr. *Woodnot*) he ſet ſome Rules to himſelf, for the future manage of his Life, and then and there made a Vow to labour to keep them.

And the ſame Night that he had his Induction, he ſaid to Mr. *Woodnot*, *I now look back upon my aſpiring Thoughts, and think my ſelf more happy than if I had attain'd what I ſo ambitiouſly thirſted for: And I can now behold the Court with an impartial Eye, and ſee plainly, that it is made up of* Fraud, *and* Titles, *and* Flattery, *and many other ſuch empty imaginary painted Pleaſures: Pleaſures that are ſo empty, as not to ſatisfy when they are enjoy'd; but in God, and his Service, is a Fulneſs of all* Joy *and* Pleaſure, *and no Satiety: And I will now uſe all my Endeavours to bring my Relations and Dependants to a love and reliance on him, who never fails thoſe that truſt him. But above all, I will be ſure to live well, becauſe the vertuous Life of a Clergy-man is the moſt powerful Eloquence to perſuade all that ſee it to reverence and love, and at leaſt to deſire to live like him. And this I will do, becauſe I know we live in an Age that hath more need of good Examples than Precepts. And I beſeech that God, who hath honour'd me ſo much as to call me to ſerve at his Altar; that as by his ſpecial Grace he hath put into my Heart theſe good Deſires and Reſolutions, ſo he will by his aſſiſting Grace give me ghoſtly Strength to bring the ſame to good effect: And that my humble and charitable Life may ſo win upon others, as to bring Glory to my* JESUS, whom I have this Day taken for my Maſter and Governor; *and am ſo proud of his Service, that I will always obſerve,*

obſerve, and obey and do his will, and always call him Jeſus my Maſter: *And I will always contemn my Birth, or any Title or Dignity that can be conferr'd upon me, when I ſhall compare them with my Title of being a* Prieſt, *and ſerving at the* Altar *of* Jeſus my Maſter.

And that he did ſo, may appear in many parts of his Book of *Sacred Poems*; eſpecially, in that which he calls the *Odour*. In which he ſeems to rejoyce in the Thoughts of that word *Jeſus*, and ſay that the adding theſe words *My Maſter* to it, and the often Repetition of them, ſeem'd to perfume his Mind, and leave an Oriental Fragrancy in his very Breath. And for his unforced Choice to ſerve at God's Altar, he ſeems in another place of his Poems (*the Pearl*, Mat. 13.) to rejoyce and ſay---*He knew the ways of Learning; knew what Nature does willingly; and what when 'tis forced by Fire; knew the ways of Honour, and when Glory inclines the Soul to noble Expreſſions; knew the Court; knew the ways of Pleaſure, of Love, of Wit, of Muſick, and upon what Terms he declined all theſe for the Service of his* Maſter JESUS; and concludes ſaying,

That, through theſe Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
But thy Silk-twiſt, let down from Heaven to me;
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it,
To climb to thee.

The third day after he was made Rector of *Bemerton*, and had chang'd his Sword and ſilk Cloaths into a Canonical Coat; he return'd ſo habited with his Friend Mr. *Woodnot* to *Bainton*: And immediately after he had ſeen and ſaluted his Wife, he ſaid to her, *You are now a Miniſter's Wife, and muſt now ſo far forget your Father's Houſe, as not to claim a Precedence of any of your Pariſhioners; for you are to know, that a Prieſt's Wife can challenge no Precedence or Place, but that which ſhe purchaſes by her obliging Humility; and I am ſure, Places ſo purchaſed do beſt become them.* And let me tell you,

That I am ſo good a Herald, as to aſſure you that this is Truth. And ſhe was ſo meek a Wife, *as to aſſure him it was no vexing News to her, and that he ſhould ſee her obſerve it with a chearful willingneſs.* And indeed her unforc'd Humility, that Humility that was in her ſo Original, as to be born with her, made her ſo happy as to do ſo; and her doing ſo, begot her an unfeign'd Love, and a ſerviceable Reſpect from all that converſed with her; and this Love followed her in all Places, as inſeparably, as Shadows follow the Subſtance in Sunſhine.

It was not many days before he return'd back to *Bemerton*, to view the Church, and repair the Chancel, and indeed to re-build almoſt three parts of his Houſe which was fall'n down or decayed by reaſon of his Predeceſſors living at a better Parſonage-Houſe, namely at *Minal*, 16 or 20 Miles from this Place. At which time of Mr. *Herbert*'s coming alone to *Bemerton*; there came to him a poor old Woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her neceſſitous Condition, as alſo with ſome Troubles of her Mind; but after ſhe had ſpoken ſome few words to him, ſhe was ſurpriz'd with a fear, and that begot a ſhortneſs of Breath, ſo that her Spirits and Speech fail'd her, which he perceiving, did ſo compaſſionate her, and was ſo humble, that he took her by the Hand, and ſaid, *Speak good Mother, be not afraid to ſpeak to me, for I am a Man that will bear you with Patience; and will relieve your Neceſſities too, if I be able; and this I do willingly, and therefore,* Mother, *be not afraid to acquaint me with what you deſire.* After which comfortable Speech he again took her by the Hand, made her ſit down by him, and underſtanding ſhe was of his Pariſh, he told her, *He would be acquainted with her and take her into his care:* And having with Patience heard and underſtood her Wants (and it is ſome Relief for a poor Body to be but heard with Patience) he like a Chri-

a Christian Clergy-man comforted her by his meek Behaviour and Counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he reliev'd her with Money too, and so sent her home with a chearful Heart, praising God, and praying for him. *Thus worthy and* (like *David*'s blessed Man) *thus lowly, was Mr.* George Herbert *in his own Eyes.*

At his return that Night to his Wife at *Bainton*, he gave her an account of the Passages 'twixt him and the poor Woman; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to *Salisbury*, and there bought a pair of Blankets and sent them as a Token of her Love to the poor Woman; and with them a Message, *That she would see and be acquainted with her, when her House was built at* Bemerton.

There be many such Passages both of him and his Wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the Parish-Church repair'd; then to beautify the Chappel (which stands near his House) and that at his own great Charge. He then proceeded to re-build the greatest part of the Parsonage-House, which he did also very compleatly, and at his own Charge; and having done this good Work, he caus'd these Verses to be writ upon, or ingraven in the Mantle of the Chimny in his Hall.

To my Successor.

If thou chance for to find
A new House to thy Mind,
And built without thy Cost:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee Store,
And then my Labour's not lost.

We will now by the Reader's Favour suppose him fixt at *Bemerton*, and grant him to have seen the Church repair'd, and the Chappel belonging to it very decently adorn'd, at his own great Charge:

(which is a real Truth) And having now fixt him there, I ſhall proceed to give an account of the reſt of his Behaviour to his Pariſhioners, and thoſe many others that knew and convers'd with him.

Doubtleſs Mr. *Herbert* had conſider'd and given Rules to himſelf for his Chriſtian Carriage both to God and Man before he enter'd into *Holy Orders*. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed thoſe Reſolutions at his Proſtration before the *Holy Altar*, at his Induction into the Church of *Bemerton*; but as yet he was but a *Deacon*, and therefore long'd for the next *Ember-week*; that he might be ordained *Prieſt*, and made capable of adminiſtring both the Sacraments. At which time, the Reverend Doctor *Humphry Hinchman*, Lord Biſhop of *London* (who never mention'd him, but with ſome Veneration for the Life and excellent Learning of Mr. *George Herbert*) told me, *He laid his Hand on Mr.* George Herbert's *Head, and (alas!) within leſs than three Years lent his Shoulder to carry his dear Friend to his Grave.*

And that Mr. *Herbert* might the better preſerve thoſe Holy Rules which ſuch a Prieſt as he intended to be, ought to obſerve; and that Time might not inſenſibly blot them out of his Memory, but the next year ſhew him his Variations from this years Reſolutions; he therefore did ſet down his Rules in that Order, as the World now ſees them Printed in a little Book, call'd, *The Country Parſon*, in which ſome of his Rules are:

The Parſons Knowledge.
The Parſon on Sundays.
The Parſon praying.
The Parſon preaching.
The Parſons Charity.
The Parſon comforting the Sick.
The Parſon arguing
The Parſon condeſcending.
The Parſon in his Journey.
The Parſon in his Mirth.
The Parſon with his Churchwardens.
The Parſon bleſſing the People.

And

And his Behaviour toward God and Man, may be ſaid to be a Practical Comment on theſe, and the other holy Rules ſet down in that uſeful Book. A Book, ſo full of plain, prudent and uſeful Rules, that, that *Country Parſon*, that can ſpare 12 *d.* and yet wants it, is ſcarce excuſable; becauſe it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the Death of Mr. *Herbert*, this Book fell into the Hands of his Friend Mr. *Woodnot*; and he commended it into the truſty Hands of Mr. *Bar. Oly*, who publiſh'd it with a moſt conſcientious and excellent Preface; from which I have had ſome of thoſe Truths that are related in this Life of Mr. *Herbert*. The Text for his firſt Sermon was taken out of *Solomon's Proverbs*, and the words were, *Keep thy heart with all diligence*. In which firſt Sermon, he gave his Pariſhioners many neceſſary, holy, ſafe Rules for the diſcharge of a good Conſcience, both to God and Man. And deliver'd his Sermon after a more florid manner, both with great Learning and Eloquence; and at the cloſe of his Sermon, told them, *That ſhould not be his conſtant way of Preaching, and that he would not fill their Heads with unneceſſary Notions; but that for their ſake, his Language and his Expreſſions ſhould be more plain and practical in his future Sermons.* And he then made it his humble Requeſt, *That they would be conſtant in the Afternoons Service, and Catechiſing:* And ſhew'd them convincing Reaſons why he deſir'd it; and his obliging Example and Perſuaſions brought them to a willing Conformity to his Deſires.

The Texts for all his future Sermons (which God knows were not many) were conſtantly taken out of the Goſpel for the day; and he did as conſtantly declare why the Church did appoint that Portion of Scripture to be that day read: And in what manner the *Collect* for every Sunday does refer to the *Goſpel*,

or to the *Epiſtle* then read to them; and that they might pray with underſtanding, he did uſually take occaſion to explain, not only the *Collect* for every particular Sunday, but the Reaſons of all the other *Collects* and *Reſponſes* in our Church-Service; and made it appear to them, that *the whole Service of the Church*, was a reaſonable, and therefore an acceptable Sacrifice to God; as namely, that we begin with *Confeſſion of our ſelves to be vile, miſerable Sinners:* And that we begin ſo, becauſe till we have confeſs'd our ſelves to be ſuch, we are not capable of that Mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for; but having in the Prayer of our Lord beg'd pardon for thoſe Sins which we have confeſt: And hoping, that as the Prieſt hath declar'd our Abſolution, ſo by our publick Confeſſion, and real Repentance, we have obtain'd that Pardon: Then we dare proceed to beg of the Lord, *to open our Lips, that our Mouths may ſhew forth his Praiſe*; for till then, we are neither able, nor worthy to praiſe him; but this being ſuppos'd, we are then fit to ſay, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt*; and fit to proceed to a further Service of our God, in the *Collects*, and *Pſalms*, and *Lauds* that follow in the Service.

And as to theſe *Pſalms* and *Lauds*, he proceeded to inform them, why they were ſo often, and ſome of them daily repeated in our *Church-ſervice:* Namely, the *Pſalms* every Month, becauſe they be an *Hiſtorical* and thankful Repetition of Mercies paſt; and ſuch a Compoſition of Prayers and Praiſes, as ought to be repeated often, and publickly, for *with ſuch Sacrifices God is honoured, and well-pleaſed.* This for the *Pſalms.*

And for the *Hymns* and *Lauds*, appointed to be daily repeated or ſung after the firſt and ſecond Leſſons are read to the Congregation: He proceeded to inform them, that it was moſt reaſonable, after they have heard the Will and Goodneſs of God declar'd

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or preach'd by the Priest in his reading the two Chapters, that it was then a seasonable Duty to rise up and express their Gratitude to Almighty God for those his Mercies to them, and to all Mankind, and then to say with the *blessed Virgin*, *That* their *Souls do magnify the Lord, and that* their *Spirits do also rejoyce in God their Saviour:* And that it was their Duty to rejoyce with *Simeon* in his Song, and say with him, *That their Eyes have* also *seen their Salvation*; for they have seen that Salvation which was but prophesied till his time: And he then broke into those Expressions of Joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily, in the History of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoyce, and daily to offer up their Sacrifices of Praise to their God, for that particular Mercy. A Service, which is now the constant Employment of that *blessed Virgin* and *Simeon*, and all those blessed Saints that are possest of Heaven; and where they are at this time interchangeably, and constantly singing, *Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God, Glory be to God on high, and on Earth peace.* And he taught them, that to do this was an acceptable Service to God, because the Prophet *David* says in his Psalms, *He that praiseth the Lord, honoureth him.*

He made them to understand, how happy they be that are freed from the Incumberances of that Law which our Fore-fathers groan'd under; namely, from the *Legal Sacrifices*, and from the many *Ceremonies of the Levitical Law*; freed from *Circumcision*, and from the strict Observation of the *Jewish Sabbath*, and the like. And he made them know, that having receiv'd so many and so great Blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable Sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those Blessings, and stand up and worship, and say as *Zacharias* did, *Blessed be the Lord God of* Israel, *for he hath* (in our days) *visited and redeemed his People; and*

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(he hath in our days) *remembred, and ſhewed that Mercy which by the Mouth of the Prophets, he promiſed to our Fore-fathers,* and this he hath done, *according to his holy Covenant made with them:* And we live to ſee and enjoy the Benefit of it, in his *Birth,* in his *Life,* his *Paſſion, Reſurrection,* and *Aſcenſion* into Heaven, where he now ſits ſenſible of all our Temptations and Infirmities; and where he is at this preſent time making Interceſſion for us, to his and our Father; and therefore they ought daily to expreſs their publick Gratulations, and ſay daily with *Zacharias, Bleſſed be that Lord God of* Iſrael *that hath thus viſited, and thus redeemed his People.* Theſe were ſome of the Reaſons by which Mr. *Herbert* inſtructed his Congregation for the uſe of the *Pſalms,* and the *Hymns* appointed to be daily ſung or ſaid in the Church-Service.

He inform'd them, when the *Prieſt* did pray only for the Congregration, and not for himſelf; and when they did only pray for him, as namely, after the Repetition of the *Creed,* before he proceeds to pray the Lord's Prayer, or any of the appointed Collects, the Prieſt is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, ſaying----*The Lord be with you* And then they pray for him, ſaying, *And with thy Spirit.* And he aſſur'd them that when there is ſuch mutual Love, and ſuch joynt Prayers offer'd for each other, then the holy Angels look down from Heaven, and are ready to carry ſuch charitable Deſires to God Almighty; and he as ready to receive them; and that a Chriſtian Congregation calling thus upon God, with one Heart, and one Voice, and in one reverend and humble Poſture, look as beautifully as *Jeruſalem,* that is at peace with it ſelf.

He inſtructed them, why the Prayer of our Lord was pray'd often in every full Service of the Church; namely, at the concluſion of the ſeveral parts of that Service; and pray'd then, not only becauſe it was

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compos'd, and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect Pattern for our less perfect Forms of Prayer, and therefore fitteſt to sum up and conclude all our imperfect Petitions.

He instructed them, that as by the second Commandment we are requir'd not to bow down, or worship an *Idol*, or *false God*; so by the contrary Rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them, why the Church requir'd the Congregation to stand up, at the Repetition of the Creeds; namely, because they did thereby declare both their Obedience to the Church, and an Assent to that Faith into which they had been baptiz'd. And he taught them, that in that shorter Creed, or Doxology so often repeated daily; they also stood up to testify their Belief to be, that *the God that they trusted in was one God, and three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom the Priest gave Glory:* And because there had been Hereticks that denied some of these three Persons to be God, therefore the Congregation stood up and honour'd him, by confessing and saying, *It was so in the beginning; is now so, and shall ever be so World without end.* And all gave their Assent to this Belief, by standing up and saying, *Amen.*

He instructed them, what Benefit they had, by the Churches appointing the Celebration of Holy-days, and the excellent Use of them; namely, that they were set apart for particular Commemorations of particular Mercies receiv'd from Almighty God; and (as Reverend Mr. *Hooker* says) to be the *Land-marks* to distinguish Times: For by them we are taught to take notice how the years pass by us; and that we ought not to let the years pass without a Celebration of Praise for those Mercies which those Days gave us occasion to remember; and therefore the year is appointed to begin

gin the 25th Day of *March*; a day in which we commemorate the *Angel*'s appearing to the *Bleſſed Virgin*, with the joyful Tidings, That *ſhe ſhould conceive and bear a Son, that ſhould be the Redeemer of Mankind*; and ſhe did ſo forty Weeks after this joyful Salvation; namely, our *Chriſtmas*; a day in which we commemorate his Birth, with Joy and Praiſe; and that eight days after this happy Birth, we celebrate his *Circumciſion*; namely, in that which we call *New-years-day*. And that upon that day which we call *Twelfth-day*, we commemorate the Manifeſtation of the unſearchable Riches of Jeſus to the *Gentiles*: And that that day we alſo celebrate the Memory of his Goodneſs in ſending a *Star* to guide the *three wiſe Men* from the *Eaſt* to *Bethlem*, that they might there *worſhip*, and preſent him with their Oblations of *Gold*, *Frankincenſe*, and *Myrrh*. And he (Mr. *Herbert*) inſtructed them that *Jeſus* was forty days after his Birth, preſented by his bleſſed Mother in the *Temple*; namely, on that day which we call, *The Purification of the bleſſed Virgin, Saint* Mary. And he inſtructed them, that by the *Lent-faſt*, we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's Humiliation in faſting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in Purity. And that on *Good-friday*, we commemorate and condole his *Crucifixion*. And he taught them, that after Jeſus had manifeſted himſelf, to his Diſciples, to be *that Chriſt that was crucified, dead and buried*; that then by his appearing and converſing with his Diſciples for the ſpace of forty days after his *Reſurrection*, he then, and not till then, *aſcended into Heaven*, in the ſight of his Diſciples; namely, on that day which we call the *Aſcenſion*, or *Holy Thurſday*. And that we then celebrate the performance of the Promiſe which he made to his Diſciples, at or before his Aſcenſion; namely, *that though he left them, yet he would ſend them the Holy Ghoſt to be their Comforter*; and that he did ſo on that day which

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the Church calls *Whit-Sunday*------Thus the Church keeps an Hiſtorical and circular Commemoration of Times, as they paſs by us; of ſuch Times as ought to incline us to occaſional Praiſes, for the particular Bleſſings which we do or might receive by thoſe holy Commemorations.

He made them know, why the Church hath appointed *Ember-weeks*; and to know the reaſon why the *Commandments*, *Epiſtles*, and *Goſpels* were to be read at the *Altar* or *Communion-Table*; why the Prieſt was to pray the *Litany kneeling*; and why to pray ſome *Collects ſtanding*: And he gave them many other Obſervations, fit for his plain Congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I muſt ſet Limits to my Pen, and not make that a Treatiſe, which I entended to be a much ſhorter Account than I have made it; but I have done, when I have told the Reader that he was conſtant in Catechiſing every Sunday in the Afternoon, and that his Catechiſing was after his ſecond Leſſon, and in the Pulpit, and that he never exceeded his half Hour, and was always ſo happy as to have an obedient, and a full Congregation.

And to this I muſt add, That if he were at any time too zealous in his Sermons, it was in reproving the Indecencies of the Peoples Behaviour, in the time of Divine Service, and of thoſe Miniſters that hudled up the Church-Prayers, without a viſible Reverence and Affection; namely, *ſuch as ſeem'd to ſay the Lord's Prayer, or a Collect in a Breath*; but for himſelf, his Cuſtom was to ſtop betwixt every Collect, and give the People time to conſider what they had pray'd, and to force their Deſires affectionately to God, before he engag'd them into new Petitions.

And by this account of his Diligence, to make his Pariſhioners underſtand what, and why they pray'd, and prais'd and ador'd their Creator, I hope I ſhall the more eaſily obtain the Reader's Belief to the fol-

following Account of Mr. *Herbert*'s own Practice; which was to appear constantly with his Wife, and three Neeces (the Daughters of a deceased Sister) and his whole Family twice every day at the Church-Prayers, in the Chappel which does almost joyn to his Parsonage-House. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the Canonical Hours of Ten and Four, and then there he lifted up pure and charitable Hands to God in the midst of the Congregation. And he would joy to have spent that Time in that place, where the honour of his *Master Jesus* dwelleth; and there, by that inward Devotion which he testified constantly by an humble Behaviour, and visible Adoration, he, like *David*, brought not only *his own Houshold thus to serve the Lord*; but brought most of his Parishioners, and many Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his Congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his Parish, did so love and reverence Mr. *Herbert*, that they would let their Plow rest when Mr. *Herbert*'s *Saints Bell* rung to Prayers, that they might also offer to God with him; and would then return back to their Plow. And his most holy Life was such, that it begot such Reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carry'd Mr. *Herbert*'s Blessing back with them to their Labour. Thus powerful was his Reason and Example, to persuade others to a practical Piety and Devotion.

And his constant publick Prayers did never make him to neglect his own private Devotions, nor those Prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his Family, which always were a Set-form, and not long; and he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the Day or Week---- *Thus he made every days Sanctity a step towards that Kingdom where Impurity cannot enter.*

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His chiefeſt Recreation was Muſick, in which heavenly Art he was a moſt excellent Maſter, and did himſelf compoſe many *divine Hymns* and *Anthems*, which he ſet and ſung to his *Lute* or *Viol*; and though he was a Lover of Retiredneſs, yet his love to Muſick was ſuch, that he went uſually twice every Week on certain appointed Days, to the *Cathedral Church* in *Salisbury*; and at his return would ſay, *That his time ſpent in Prayer, and Cathedral Muſick, elevated his Soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth.* But before his return thence to *Bemerton* he would uſually ſing and play his part, at an appointed private Muſick-meeting; and to juſtify this Practice, he would often ſay, *Religion does not baniſh Mirth, but only moderates and ſets Rules to it.*

And as his Deſire to enjoy *his Heaven upon Earth*, drew him twice every Week to *Salisbury*, ſo his Walks thither were the Occaſion of many happy Accidents to others; of which I will mention ſome few.

In one of his Walks to *Salisbury*, he overtook a Gentleman that is ſtill living in that City, and in their walk together, Mr. *Herbert* took a fair Occaſion to talk with him, and humbly beg'd to be excus'd, if he ask'd him ſome Account of his Faith, and ſaid, *I do this the rather, becauſe though you are not of my Pariſh, yet I receive Tythe from you by the hand of your Tenant; and Sir, I am the bolder to do it, becauſe I know there be ſome Sermon-hearers that be like thoſe Fiſhes that always live in Salt-water, and yet are always freſh.*

After which Expreſſion, Mr. *Herbert* asked him ſome needful Queſtions, and having receiv'd his anſwer, gave him ſuch Rules for the trial of his Sincerity, and for a practical Piety, and in ſo loving and meek a manner, that the Gentleman did ſo fall in love with him and his Diſcourſe, that he would often contrive to meet him in his Walk to *Salisbury*, or to attend him back to *Bemerton*; and ſtill mentions the

Name

Name of Mr. *George Herbert* with Veneration, and ſtill praiſeth God for the Occaſion of knowing him.

In another of his *Salisbury* Walks, he met with a Neighbour Miniſter, and after ſome friendly Diſcourſe betwixt them, and ſome Condolement for the Wickedneſs of the Times, and Contempt of the Clergy, Mr. *Herbert* took occaſion to ſay,

One Cure for theſe Diſtempers would be for the Clergy themſelves to keep the Ember-weeks *ſtrictly, and beg of their Pariſhioners to joyn with* them *in* Faſting *and* Prayers *for a more Religious Clergy.*

And another Cure would be, *for themſelves to reſtore the great and neglected duty of* Catechiſing, *on which the Salvation of ſo many of the poor and ignorant Lay-people does depend; but principally, that the Clergy themſelves would be ſure to live unblamably; and that the dignified Clergy eſpecially, which preach Temperance, would avoid Surfeiting, and take all Occaſions to expreſs a viſible Humility and Charity in their Lives; for this would force a Love and an Imitation, and an unfeigned Reverence from all that knew them:* (And for Proof of this, we need no other Teſtimony than the Life and Death of Dr. *Lake*, late Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells.*) *This* (ſaid Mr. *Herbert*) *would be a Cure for the Wickedneſs and growing Atheiſm of our Age. And*, my dear Brother, *till this be done by us, and done in earneſt, let no Man expect a Reformation of the Manners of the* Laity: *For 'tis not Learning, but this, this only, that muſt do it; and till then, the Fault muſt lie at our Doors.*

In another Walk to *Salisbury*, he ſaw a poor Man with a poorer Horſe, that was fall'n under his Load; they were both in Diſtreſs, and needed preſent Help; which Mr. *Herbert* perceiving, put off his Canonical Coat, and help'd the poor Man to unload, and after to load his Horſe: The poor Man bleſt him for it; and he bleſt the poor Man, and was ſo like the *good Samaritan*, that he gave him Money to refreſh both himſelf

himself and his Horse; and told him, *That if he lov'd himself, he should be merciful to his Beast* ---- Thus he left the poor Man, and at his coming to his musical Friends at *Salisbury*, they began to wonder that Mr. *George Herbert* which us'd to be so trim and clean, came into that Company so foil'd and discompos'd; but he told them the Occasion. And when one of the Company had told him, *He had disparag'd himself by so dirty an Employment*; his Answer was, *That the Thought of what he had done would prove Musick to him at Midnight; and that the Omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his Conscience, whensoever he should pass by that Place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in Distress, I am sure I am bound so far as it is in my Power to practise what I pray for: And though I do not wish for the like Occasion every Day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one Day of my Life without comforting a sad Soul, or shewing Mercy; and I praise God for this Occasion:* And now let's tune our Instruments.

Thus as our blessed Saviour after his Resurrection did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to *Cleopas*, and that other Disciple which he met with, and accompanied in their Journy to *Emmaus*: So Mr. *Herbert*, in his path towards Heaven, did daily take any fair Occasion to instruct the Ignorant, or comfort any that were in Affliction; and did always confirm his Precepts, by shewing Humility and Mercy, and ministring Grace to the Hearers.

And he was more happy in his Wife's unforc'd Compliance with his Acts of Charity, whom he made his *Almoner*, and paid constantly into her Hand *a tenth Peny* of what Mony he receiv'd for Tythe, and gave her Power to dispose that to the Poor of his Parish, and with it a Power to dispose a tenth part of the Corn that came yearly into his Barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him *an Account of her Stewardship*, and as often beg

beg an enlargement of his Bounty, for she rejoyc'd in the Employment; and this was usually laid out by her in *Blankets* and *Shoes*, for some such poor People, as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her Charity---- And for his own, he set no Limits to it; nor did ever turn his Face from any that he saw in Want, but would relieve them; especially his poor Neighbours; to the meanest of whose Houses he would go and inform himself of their Wants, and relieve them chearfully if they were in Distress; and would always praise God as much for being willing, as for being able to do it---- And when he was advis'd by a Friend to be more frugal, because he might have Children; his Answer was, *He would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scriptures do so commend Charity, as to tell us, that* Charity *is the top of Christian* Vertues, *the covering of Sins, the fulfilling of the* Law, *the life of Faith: And that* Charity *hath a Promise of the Blessing of this Life, and of a Reward in that Life which is to come; being these, and more excellent Things are in the Scripture spoken of thee, O* Charity; *and that being all my Tythes, and Church dues are a* Deodate *from thee, O my God! Make me, O my God, so far to trust thy Promise as to return them back to thee; and by thy Grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor Members that are in Distress, or do but bear the Image of* Jesus my Master. *Sir* (said he to his Friend) *my Wife hath a competent Maintenance secur'd her after my Death, and therefore as this is my Prayer, so this my Resolution shall by God's Grace be unalterable.*

This may be some Account of the Excellencies of the active part of his Life; and thus he continued, till a Consumption so weakned him as to confine him to his House, or to the Chappel, which does almost joyn to it; in which he continued to read Prayers constantly twice every Day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading, his Wife observ'd

observ'd him to read in Pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his Spirits, and weakned him: And he confess'd it, but said, *His Life could not be better spent than in the Service of his* Master Jesus, *who had done and suffered so much for him. But,* said he, *I will not be wilful, for though my Spirit be willing, yet my Flesh is weak; and therefore Mr.* Bostock *shall be appointed to read Prayers for me to Morrow, and I will now be only a Hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on Immortality.* And Mr. *Bostock* did the next Day undertake and continue this happy Employment till Mr. *Herbert*'s Death---This Mr. *Bostock* was a learned and vertuous Man, an old Friend of Mr. *Herbert*'s, and then his Curate to the Church of *Fulston*, which is a Mile from *Bemerton*, to which Church *Bemerton* is but a *Chappel of Ease*---And this Mr. *Bostock* did also constantly supply the *Church-Service* for Mr. *Herbert* in that Chappel, when the Musick-meeting at *Salisbury* caus'd his Absence from it.

About one Month before his Death, his Friend Mr. *Farrer* (for an Account of whom I am by Promise indebted to the Reader, and intend to make him sudden Payment) hearing of Mr. *Herbert*'s *Sickness*, sent Mr. *Edmund Duncon* (who is now Rector of *Fryer Barnet* in the County of *Middlesex)* from his House of *Gidden-hall*, which is near to *Huntington*, to see Mr. *Herbert*, and to assure him he wanted not his daily Prayers for his Recovery; and Mr. *Duncon* was to return back to *Gidden*, with an Account of Mr. *Herbert*'s Condition. Mr. *Duncon* found him weak, and at that time lying on his Bed, or on a Pallet; but at his seeing Mr. *Duncon*, he rais'd himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness *inquir'd the Health of his Brother* Farrer, of which Mr. *Duncon* satisfied him; and after some Discourse of Mr. *Farrer*'s holy Life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. *Duncon* ---*Sir, I see by your Habit that you are a Priest, and I desire you to pray with*

with me; which being granted, Mr. *Duncon* ask'd him, *What Prayers*? To which Mr. *Herbert*'s Answer was, *O Sir, the Prayers of my Mother the Church of* England, *no other Prayers are equal to them*; *but at this time, I beg of you to pray only the* Litany, *for I am weak and faint*; and Mr. *Duncon* did so. After which, and some other Discourse of Mr. *Farrer*, Mrs. *Herbert* provided Mr. *Duncon* a plain Supper, and a clean Lodging, and he betook himself to rest---- *This Mr.* Duncon *tells me*; and tells me, that at his first View of Mr. *Herbert*, he saw *Majesty* and *Humility* so reconcil'd in his Looks and Behaviour, as begot in him an awful Reverence for his Person; and says, his Discourse was so pious, and his Motion so gentile and meek, that after almost forty Years, yet they remain still fresh in his Memory.

The next Morning Mr. *Duncon* left him, and betook himself to a Journy to *Bath*, but with a Promise to return back to him within Five Days, and he did so; but before I shall say any thing of what Discourse then fell betwixt them two; I will pay my promis'd Account of Mr. *Farrer*.

Mr. *Nicholas Farrer* (who got the Reputation of being call'd Saint *Nicholas*, at the Age of six years) was born in *London*; and doubtless had good Education in his Youth; but certainly was at an early Age made Fellow of *Clare-hall* in *Cambridge*, where he continued to be eminent for his *Piety*, *Temperance*, and *Learning*. About the 26th year of his Age, he betook himself to travel; in which he added to his *Latin* and *Greek*, a perfect Knowledge of all the Languages spoken in the Western Parts of our Christian World, and understood well the Principles of their Religion, and of their Manner, and the Reasons of their Worship ---In this his Travel, he met with many Persuasions to come into a Communion with that Church which calls it self *Catholick*: But he re-

turn'd

turn'd from his Travels as he went, eminent for his Obedience to his Mother *the Church of England*. In his Abſence from *England*, Mr. *Farrer*'s Father, (who was a Merchant) allow'd him a liberal Maintenance; and not long after his return into *England*, Mr. *Farrer* had by the Death of his Father, or an elder Brother, an Eſtate left him, that enabled him to purchaſe Land to the value of Four or Five hundred Pound a Year; the greateſt part of which Land was at *Little Gidden*, Four or Six Miles from *Huntington*, and about Eighteen from *Cambridge*: Which Place he choſe for the Privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the Pariſh-Church or Chappel belonging, and adjoyneth near to it; for Mr. *Farrer* having ſeen the Manners and Vanities of the World, and found them to be, as Mr. *Herbert* ſays, *A Nothing betwixt two Diſhes*, did ſo contemn it, that he reſolv'd to ſpend the Remainder of his Life in Mortifications, and in Devotion and Charity, and to be always prepar'd for Death---- And his Life was ſpent thus.

He and his Family, which were like a little College, and about Thirty in number, did moſt of them keep *Lent*, and all *Ember-weeks* ſtrictly, both in Faſting and uſing all thoſe Prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then uſed; and he and they did the like on *Fridays*, and on the *Vigils* or *Eves* appointed to be faſted before the Saints-days; and this Frugality and Abſtinence turn'd to the relief of the Poor; but this was but a part of his Charity, none but God and he knew the reſt.

The Family, which I have ſaid to be in number about Thirty, were a part of them his Kindred, and the reſt choſen to be of a Temper fit to be moulded into a devout Life; and all of them were for their Diſpoſitions *ſerviceable* and *quiet*, and *humble*, and *free from Scandal*. Having thus fitted himſelf for his Family, he did about the Year 1630. betake himſelf to

a conſtant and methodical Service of God, and it was in this manner----- He being accompanied with moſt of his Family, he did himſelf uſe to read the Common-Prayers (for he was a Deacon) every Day, at the appointed Hours of Ten and Four, in the Pariſh-Church which was very near his Houſe, and which he had both repair'd and adorn'd; for it was fall'n into a great Ruin by reaſon of a depopulation of the Village before Mr. *Farrer* bought the Manor: And he did alſo conſtantly read the *Mattins* every Morning at the Hour of Six, either in the Church or in an Oratory, which was within his own Houſe; and many of the Family did there continue with him after the Prayers were ended, and there they ſpent ſome Hours in ſinging of *Hymns*, or *Anthems*, ſometimes in the Church, and ſometimes to an Organ in the Oratory. And there they ſometimes betook themſelves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Teſtament to themſelves, or to continue their praying or reading the Pſalms; and in caſe the Pſalms were not all always read in the day, then Mr. *Farrer*, and others of the Congregation, did at Night, at the ring of a Watch-bell repair to the Church or Oratory, and there betake themſelves to Prayers, and lauding God, and reading the Pſalms that had not been read in the Day: And when theſe, or any part of the Congregation grew weary, or faint, the Watch-bell was rung, ſometimes before, and ſometimes after Midnight; and then another part of the Family roſe, and maintain'd the Watch, ſometimes by praying, or ſinging Lauds to God, or reading the Pſalms; and when after ſome Hours they alſo grew weary, or faint, then they rung the Watch-bell, and were alſo reliev'd by ſome of the former, or by a new part of the Society, which continued their Devotions (as hath been mentioned) until Morning -----And it is to be noted, that in this

continued ſerving of God, the Pſalter or whole Book of Pſalms was in every four and twenty Hours ſung or read over, from the firſt to the laſt Verſe; and this done as conſtantly, as the Sun runs his Circle every day about the World, and then begins again the ſame inſtant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. *Farrer*, and his happy Family, ſerve God day and night: Thus did they always behave themſelves, as in his Preſence. And they did always eat and drink by the ſtrict Rules of Temperance; eat and drink, ſo as to be ready to riſe at Midnight, or at the call of a Watch-Bell, and perform their Devotions to God. And 'tis fit to tell the Reader, that many of the Clergy that were more inclin'd to *Practical Piety* and *Devotion*, than to doubtful and needleſs Diſputations, did often come to *Gidden Hall*, and make themſelves a part of that happy Society, and ſtay a Week or more, and then joyn with Mr. *Farrer* and the Family in theſe Devotions, and aſſiſt and eaſe him or them in their Watch by night, and theſe various Devotions had never leſs than two of the Domeſtick Family in the night; and the Watch was always kept in the Church or Oratory, unleſs in extream Winter-nights, and then it was maintain'd in a Parlor, which had a Fire in it; and the Parlor was fitted for that purpoſe: And this courſe of Piety, and great Liberality to his poor Neighbours, Mr. *Farrer* maintain'd till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. *Farrer*'s, and Mr. *Herbert*'s devout Lives were both ſo noted, that the general Report of their Sanctity gave them occaſion to renew that ſlight Acquaintance which was begun at their being Contemporaries in *Cambridge*, and this new holy Friendſhip was long maintain'd without any Interview, but only by loving and endearing Letters. And one Teſtimony of their Friendſhip, and pious Deſigns, may

appear by Mr. *Farrer*'s commending the Considerations of *John Valdesso* (a Book which he had met with in his Travels, and translated out of *Spanish* into *English*) to be examin'd and censur'd by Mr. *Herbert* before it was made publick; which excellent Book Mr. *Herbert* did read, and return back with many marginal Notes, as they be now Printed with it; and with them Mr. *Herbert*'s affectionate Letter to Mr. *Farrer*.

This *John Valdesso* was a *Spaniard*, and was for his Learning and Vertue, much valued and lov'd by the great Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, whom *Valdesso* had followed as a *Cavalier* all the time of his long and dangerous *Wars*; and when *Valdesso* grew old, and grew weary both of War and the World, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor, that his Resolution was to decline his Majesty's Service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative Life, *because there ought to be a Vacancy of Time, betwixt fighting and dying*. The Emperor had himself, for the same, or other Reasons, put on the same Resolutions: But God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did for those, or other Reasons, desire *Valdesso* to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his Purpose within his own Breast, till they two might have another like opportunity of a friendly Discourse; which *Valdesso* promis'd to do.

In the mean time, the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and *Valdesso* to meet again, and after a pious and free Discourse they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed Sacrament publickly, and appointed an eloquent and devout Fryar, to Preach a Sermon of *Contempt of the World*, and of the Happiness and Benefit of a quiet and contemplative Life; which the Fryar did most affectionately. After which Sermon the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, *That the Preacher had begot in him a Reso-*

Resolution to lay down his Dignities, and to forsake the World, and betake himself to a Monastical Life. And he pretended, he had persuaded *John Valdesso* to do the like; but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his Son *Philip* out of *England*, and resign'd to him all his Kingdoms, that then the Emperor and *John Valdesso*, did perform their Resolutions.

This account of *John Valdesso*, I received from a Friend, that had it from the Mouth of Mr. *Farrer*: And the Reader may note, that in this Retirement, *John Valdesso* writ his Hundred and ten Considerations, and many other Treatises of Worth, which want a second Mr. *Farrer* to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. *Farrer*, and *John Valdesso*, I proceed to my account of Mr. *Herbert*, and Mr. *Duncon*, who according to his Promise, return'd from the Bath the 5th day, and then found Mr. *Herbert* much weaker than he left him; and therefore their Discourse could not be long; but at Mr. *Duncon*'s parting with him, Mr. *Herbert* spoke to this purpose----*Sir, I pray give my brother* Farrer *an account of the decaying Condition of my Body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily Prayers for me; and let him know that I have consider'd,* That God only is what he would be; *and that I am by his Grace become now so like him, as to be pleas'd with what pleaseth him, and tell him, that I do not repine but am pleas'd with my want of Health; and tell him, my Heart is fixed on that Place where true Joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed Change with* Hope *and* Patience. Having said this, he did with so sweet a Humility as seem'd to exalt him, bow down to Mr. *Duncon*, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, *Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear Brother* Farrer, *and tell him, he shall find in it a Picture of the many spiritual Conflicts that have past betwixt God*

and my Soul before I could ſubject mine to the Will of Jeſus my Maſter; *in whoſe Service I have now found perfect freedom; deſire him to read it: And then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor Soul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it:* For I and it are leſs than the leaſt of God's Mercies. Thus meanly did this humble Man think of this excellent Book, which now bears the Name of *The* TEMPLE: Or, *Sacred Poems*, and *Private Ejaculations*; of which Mr. *Farrer* would ſay, *There was in it the Picture of a Divine Soul in every Page; and that the whole Book was ſuch an Harmony of Holy Paſſions, as would enrich the World with Pleaſure and Piety.* And it appears to have done ſo; for there have been more than twenty Thouſand of them ſold ſince the firſt Impreſſion.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. *Farrer* ſent this Book to *Cambridge* to be licenſed for the Preſs, the *Vice-Chancellor* would by no means allow the two ſo much noted Verſes,

Religion ſtands a Tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to paſs to the American *Strand.*

to be printed; and Mr. *Farrer* would by no means allow the Book to be Printed, and want them: But after ſome time, and ſome Arguments, for and againſt their being made publick, the *Vice-Chancellor* ſaid, *I knew Mr.* Herbert *well, and know that he had many heavenly Speculations, and was a Divine Poet; but I hope the World will not take him to be an inſpired Prophet, and therefore I Licenſe the whole Book:* So that it came to be printed, without the Diminution or Addition of a Syllable, ſince it was deliver'd into the Hands of Mr. *Duncon*, ſave only, that Mr. *Farrer* hath added that excellent Preface that is printed before it.

At

At the time of Mr. *Duncon*'s leaving Mr. *Herbert*, which was about three Weeks before his death, his old and dear Friend Mr. *Woodnot*, came from *London* to *Bemerton*, and never left him, till he had seen him draw his last Breath, and clos'd his Eyes on his Death-bed. In this time of his Decay, he was often visited and pray'd for by all the Clergy that liv'd near to him, especially by his Friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in *Salisbury*; but by none more devoutly, than his Wife, his three Neeces (then a part of his Family) and Mr. *Woodnot*, who were the sad Witnesses of his daily Decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose, *I now look back upon the Pleasures of my Life past, and see the Content I have taken in Beauty, in Wit, in Musick, and pleasant Conversation, are now all past by me, like a Dream, or as a Shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my Father and Generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with* Job) make my Bed also in the Dark; *and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him, that I am not to learn Patience, now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised Mortification, and endeavour'd to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my Hope is, that I shall shortly leave this Valley of Tears, and be free from all Fevers and Pain; and which will be a more happy Condition, I shall be free from Sin, and all the Temptations and Anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new* Jerusalem, *dwell there with Men made perfect, dwell where these Eyes shall see my Master and Saviour* Jesus; *and with him see my dear Mother, and all my Relations and Friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy Place: And this is my Content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have liv'd hath taken a part of my appointed Time from me; and that I shall live the less Time for having liv'd this, and the day past.*

These

These, and the like Expressions, which he utter'd often may be said to be his Enjoyment of Heaven, before he enjoy'd it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his Bed or Couch, call'd for one of his Instruments, took it into his Hand, and said, *My God, my God,*

My Musick shall find Thee,
And every String
Shall have his Attribute to sing:

And having tun'd it, he play'd and sung:

The Sundays of Man's Life.
Thredded together on Time's String,
Make Bracelets, to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sundays, Heaven's Door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than Hope.

Thus he sung on Earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels and He, and Mr. *Farrer* now sing in Heaven.

Thus he continued meditating and praying, and rejoycing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. *Woodnot*, *My dear Friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but Sin and Misery; but the first is adorn'd; and a few Hours will now put a Period to the latter*; for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen. Upon which Expression, Mr. *Woodnot* took Occasion to remember him of the Re-edifying *Layton* Church, and his many Acts of Mercy; to which he made Answer, saying, *They be good Works, if they be sprinkled with the Blood of Christ, and not otherwise.* After this Discourse he became more restless, and his Soul seem'd to be weary of her earthly Tabernacle;

bernacle; and this Uneasiness became so visible, that his Wife, his Three Nieces, and Mr. *Woodnot*, stood constantly about his Bed, beholding him with Sorrow, and an Unwillingness to lose the Sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer----As they stood thus beholding him, his Wife observ'd him to breath faintly, and with much trouble, and observ'd him to fall into a sudden Agony; which so surpriz'd her, that she fell into a sudden Passion, and requir'd of him to know, *How he did?* To which his Answer was, *That he had past a Conflict with his last Enemy, and had overcome him by the Merits of his* Master Jesus. After which Answer he look'd up, and saw his Wife and Nieces weeping to an Extremity, and charg'd them, *If they lov'd him to withdraw into the next Room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their Lamentations could make his Death uncomfortable.* To which request their Sighs and Tears would not suffer them to make any Reply: But they yielded him a sad Obedience, leaving only with him Mr. *Wocdnot*, and Mr. *Bostock*. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. *Bostock*, *Pray Sir, open that Door, then look into that Cabinet, in which you may easily find my last Will, and give it into my hand*; which being done, he deliver'd it into the Hand of Mr. *Woodnot*, and said, *My old Friend, I here deliver you my last Will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole Executor for the good of my Wife and Nieces; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it; I do not desire you to be Just, for I know you will be so for your own sake: But I charge you, by the Religion of our Friendship, to be careful of them.* And having obtain'd Mr. *Woodnot*'s Promise to be so; he said, *I am now ready to dye:* After which Words he said, *Lord forsake me not now my Strength faileth me: But grant me Mercy, for the Merits of my Jesus; and now Lord, Lord now receive my Soul.* And with

with those Words breath'd forth his Divine Soul, without any apparent Disturbance: Mr. *Woodnot* and Mr. *Bostock* attending his last Breath, and closing his Eyes.

Thus he liv'd, and thus he dy'd, like a Saint unspotted of the World, full of Alms-deeds, full of Humility, and all the Examples of a vertuous Life; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed Observation;

---------- All must to their cold Graves;
But the Religious Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet in Death, and blossom in the Dust.

Mr. *George Herbert*'s have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding Generations. ----- I have but this to say more of him: That if *Andrew Melvin* died before him, then *George Herbert* died without an Enemy----- I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to dye like him.

Isaac Walton.

There

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THere is a Debt justly due to the Memory of Mr. Herbert's vertuous Wife; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short Account of the Remainder of her Life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate Widow about Six Years, bemoaning her self, and complaining, That she had lost the delight of her Eyes; but more, that she had lost the Spiritual Guide for her poor Soul; and would often say, O that I had, like holy Mary, the Mother of Jesus, treasur'd up all his Sayings in my Heart: But since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also. And she would often say (as the Prophet David for his Son Absolon) O that I had dy'd for him! Thus she continued Mourning, till Time and Conversation had so moderated her Sorrows, that she became the happy Wife of Sir Robert Cook of Highnam in the County of Glocester, Knight: And though he put a high Value on the excellent Accomplishment of her Mind and Body; and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a Master, but as an affectionate Husband; yet she would even to him often take Occasion to mention the Name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, That Name must live in her Memory, till she put off Mortality---- By Sir Robert she had one only Child, a Daughter, whose Parts and plentiful Estate make her happy in this World, and her well using of them gives a fair Testimony, that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the Wife of Sir Robert Eight Years, and liv'd his Widow about Fifteen; all which time

she

she took a Pleasure in mentioning and commending the Excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. *She died in the Year* 1663. *and lies buried at* Highnam ; *Mr.* Herbert *in his own Church, under the Altar, and cover'd with a Grave-stone without any Inscription.*

This Lady Cook, *had preserv'd many of* Mr. Herbert's *private Writings, which she intended to make Publick ; but they, and* Highnam *House were burnt together, by the late Rebels, and so lost to Posterity.*

Isaac Walton.

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